



THE
HONEY-SUCKLE;

Consisting of ORIGINAL

POEMS,
EPIGRAMS,
SONGS,
TALES,
ODES, and
TRANSLATIONS.

By a SOCIETY of *Gentlemen*.

Among many other Pieces contain'd in this Volume,
are the following :

The proper Time for Love; or, Nothing out of Season.	The Poet, the Beau, and the Lady.
Truth in a Widow's Tears.	The Forward Sinners; or, The Devil saved Trouble.
The Country Life.	The Popish Priest and the Devil.
An Epitaph on a Barber's Boy.	The Flea of Taste. A Fable, in Imita- tion of Mr. <i>Gay</i> .
Matrimony no Cure for the Eyes. A Tale.	The Hern. A Fable.
A Woman's Reason for Cuckoldom.	The old Man's Almanack. A Tale.
The cast-off Mistress; or, A Meal by Chance.	Little Dogs have long Tails.
The Resurrection; or, Life consists in Motion.	Necessity the Mother of Invention.
An Ode on the Marriage of the Prince of Orange.	Manners make the Man. An Epistle to the Honourable <i>John Barber</i> , Esq; late Lord Mayor of the City of <i>London</i> .
What you give to the Poor, you lend to the Lord.	A <i>Druryan</i> Pastoral.
Custom no Law; or, A Woman's Title to the Breeches.	An Elegy on the Flea of Taste.
The Toper's Confession; or, An Experi- ment try'd.	Modesty in Disgrace; or, Assurance the way to win a Woman.
The Comparison, Chuse which you will.	<i>Polly and Pugg</i> ; or, The Fate of Favou- rites.
On the Restoration of King <i>Charles II</i> .	The Modern Fine Gentleman.
<i>Cupid's</i> Riddle.	Warm Quarters in the Winter.
The Honey-Suckle and Bee.	The weighty Fryar; or, A Cargo of Sin thrown over-board.
*Twas I, or the Mulberry-Tree. A Tale.	<i>Ut pictura pœsis erit.</i>

L O N D O N :

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THE PREFACE.

CUSTOM having made it necessary to say something in Behalf of Compositions of this Kind, I shall accordingly give the Reader a Sketch of the Design proposed by the Authors of these Pieces. As Poetry in all Ages has been esteem'd by Persons of the highest Degree, and reckoned by Men of the best Learning and Judgment, both profitable and pleasant, It is presumed that this innocent Attempt, propagated with a Design to encourage the Belles Lettres, will meet with a favourable Acceptance.

The Undertakers of this Work are a SOCIETY of Gentlemen, who, to render their Productions as agreeable as possible, are determined, that no Care, or Pains, shall be spared; and those Gentlemen who are willing to favour the SOCIETY with any Original Compositions, the same will be inserted, by sending them directed to Simon Standish Esq; Secretary to the SOCIETY, under Cover to the Publisher; and the Pieces, so sent by any Correspondent, shall, when inserted, be mark'd with

an

The P R E F A C E.

*an * to distinguish them from the Productions of the SOCIETY, they being unwilling to ascribe to themselves any Merit due to another Author.*

Doubtless this Pamphlet will, on its first Entrance on the World, meet with many Obstacles; the Universal Reception, which several Monthly Pieces have found, may cause the Purchasers of those to pass this by with indifference; either thro' an increasing Expence, or chiefly unknowing the Authors, and dubious if the same will be continued.

To remove any such Objection, I have it in Command from the Society to acquaint the Publick, that this Design will be continued by a Monthly Publication of entire new Pieces on different Subjects. And whereas, the Books, under the Titles of the Magazines, as well as that called the Bee, in respect to their Poetical Pieces, contain little more than Verses collected from, and first Printed in the Daily and Weekly Papers. There will in this Pamphlet be inserted nothing but Originals, and to that End must desire our Correspondents not to send any Pieces that they know to have been already Printed.

S I M O N S T A N D I S H, *Esq;*
Secretary to the Society.

T H E



THE
HONEY-SUCKLE.

To C E L I A.



N each revolving Year, new Beauties
rise,
To captivate our Hearts and charm
our Eyes ;

But soon their Empire ends, two Years at most,

The Fairest reigns the celebrated Toast.

Who could have thought two little Years ago

That *Celia's* Charms could yield to those of *Clo* ;

B

Celia,

Celia, the Blooming, Witty, Gay, and Young,
 The pleasing Vocative of every Tongue.
 She who with Smiles could give ecstatick Joy,
 And with a Frown the rising Bliss destroy ;
 She from whose Eyes such pointed Arrows flew,
 They never fail'd the Coldest to subdue ;
 Her Reign's expir'd, no more she conquers Hearts,
 A Lover with each fading Charm departs,
 And offers up his Vows at Beauty's Shrine
 In lovely Cloe's Form, that Form Divine
 Where Graces with a brighter Lustre shine.

As when the Morning Sun his Beams displays,
 And decks the Eastern Skies with golden Rays,
 Luna grows pale and gliding from our Sight
 Reluctant yields to Sol's superior Light ;
 So must (poor Celia) thy enervate Charms
 Yield to a Nymph whom greater Beauty arms.

A SONG.

I..

C E A S E, pretty Cloe cease to pay

C To Jack thy Visits every Day,

Even once a Week's too much:

Is't not a grevious Pain to see

Our Meat (like the forbidden Tree)

When not allow'd to touch.

II.

Whilst you carefs the rotten Boy

His Pain by far exceeds his Joy,

For oh ! (Disast'rous Case)

Altho' he burns with fierce Desires,

Now grown quite impotent requires

A stronger Back to please.

III.

When you're in Sight for you he burns
 When not venereal Fire returns
 What Torment can be worse ?
 By Absence you one Flame may ease,
 But I'll permit you if you please
 To send the good old Nurse.

IV.

Yet if you'll still be hankering there,
 I'll tell you what — by Gad my Dear
 Your Visits are in vain :
 But if you want a Cure for Love
 Come up to me, I'll quickly prove
 That I'm the fittest Man,



*In Imitation of the 4th ODE of
ANACREON.*

B E N E A T H some Shade which *Sol* in vain
assails,

Where Myrtles murmur to the fanning Gales ;
Where Nature's Pride is o'er the Landskip spread,
And a choice Herbage decks the verdant Bed,
Wine shall divert the Moment that I'm vext,
With gentle Love I'll entertain the next ;
Resolv'd no Sorrow shall my Pleasure pall,
Since Fifty Years will equalize us all.
By the out-going and returning Day
Mark with what eager Haste Time glides away.
The Fates are still the same, Mankind may run
Tow'rds different Goals ; Death centers all in one :
Nor can the most affecting Pity save
The nearest Friend from the devouring Grave :

Who

Who then in vain would sprinkle o'er a Tomb
 Kind Tears, refreshing Odours and Perfume?
 The Lifeless Dust that in the Marble lies,
 Asks not the flowing Tribute of our Eyes.
 Keep then your Oyl to use about your Hair,
 Rejoyce to Day and shine among the Fair:
 When you pass *Styx* where grimly *Charon* waits,
 No Prayers, no Tears can move the rigid Fates.

To the LAUREAT.

STILL thus to rack thy dull unthinking
 Brain
 For *New Year Odes*, is most absurd and vain.
 For Sack and Pension, not for Praise, Friend *Colley*!
 It is presum'd you thus expose your Folly.
 Though disappointed **S A V A G E** lost the Bayes,
 Deserving **S A V A G E** meets with Pay and Praise:

D U C K

D U C K in Heroics now and then will flatter ;
 He meets with Pay too, Praise is not the Matter.
 Then C O L L E Y since thy Odes will not avail,
 Give D U C K the Bayes if he'll give you the Flail ;
 With Argument, so strong, you then may drub
 With all your Might, and Main, Censorious Grub.

The W O R L D turns round.

An Epigram.

B ONOSUS one Night at the Rose did engage
 In a learned Discourse with a Reverend Sage ;
 The Dispute was I think (if I have not forgot)
 If the World turn'd about on its Axis, or not ;
 The old Sage said it did with a loud *Affirmatur*,
 And Bonosus as loudly stood up for *Negatur* :
 They disputed so long and drank Bumpers so fast
 That they both were as drunk as Tinkers at last.

The

The Drawer came up, with — the Clock has
struck one :

Bonofus concluded it Time to be gone.

Took his Hat from the Peg, bid the Doctor good
Night,

And reeled towards Home without any Light:

But mark the Effects of the Grapes noble Juice,

How it can Philosophical Notions produce ;

As staggering he went, he fell flat on his Nose ;

(Though he got little Hurt, yet he daub'd all his
Cloths)

Then gravely say'd he, when down on the Ground,
The Doctor was right, for the World must turn
round :

And so rapid and swift is the Course of this Land,
That I find it a difficult Matter to stand.

To a Young LADY who
jilted Him.

I.

To foolish Love I bid adieu,
No more will I that Sex pursue
In which eternal Falshoods dwell :
Truth, Love sincere, in Woman kind,
As much you may expect to find
Among the lying Fiends in Hell.

II.

How bless'd was *Adam's* single State !
When *Eve* was made how curs'd his Fate ?
His Virtue then declin'd a-Pace :
The Devil soon drew *Eve* to sin ;
She by her Wiles drew *Adam* in,
And damn'd their wretched guiltless Race.

C

III. Old

III.

Old *Satan* pleas'd with his Success
 In ruining human Happiness,
 And finding *Eve* so civil ;
 The Sex he ever since employs
 To damn and frustrate Mortal's Joys,
 And thou'rt chief Agent to the Devil.

Jack Single.

To *F L O R A.*

F*L O R A*, I own your Power and submit,
 A Victim to your Beauty and your Wit.
 Look down with Pity on your dying Swain,
 Nor let him (*Flora*) speak, or sigh in vain ;
 But if you frown, I mourn, and speak no more,
 Yet still remain your Servant *Philidore.*

The

The Answer.

Concise and smart Sir *Philidore* you've writ,
 Guard me ye Powers from such perswasive Wit ;
 What Nymph can e'er deny so spruce a Swain ;
 Or who that spoke so well, e'er spoke in vain ?
 I cannot frown, but own I am each *Hora*,
 Dear, pretty Thing, your conquer'd Servant *Flora*.

To *S A M M Y*.

I.

THAT thy *Sal* may have Charms, I ready
 ly own ;
 But believe me, Dear *Sammy*, for Sake of a Crown,
 To Porter, or Groom, or Nincompoop 'Squire,
 She'll open those Charms, which first kindl'd
 your Fire.

II.

As the *Bee*, you inform me, she hoards up her
Sweets,

And craftily keeps them from all whom she meets ;
 Nay, keeps *them* secure, 'till her **S A M M Y** comes
 Home,

And permits none but you to rifle her **Comb**.

III.

But, think again **S A M M Y**, o'er Meadows and
 Bowers

The *Bee*, ever ranging, sips *Sweets* from all Flowers ;
 If the *Similie*'s just betwixt *Sal* and the *Bee*,
 She must gather some *Sweets* from the *lowest Degree*.

IV.

Then, **S A M M Y** be wise, to her Errors not
 blind,

If consenting to you, — to another she's kind ;
 And

And think of this also (by Gad I don't rail)
 The Bee, with its Sweets, has a Sting in the Tail.

The proper Time for L O V E :

O R,

Nothing out of S E A S O N.

STREP HON had *Celia* long address ;
Celia had oft broke *Strephon's* Rest,
 Thus, hourly plaguing each the other,
 Between 'em made a mighty Pother.
 At length agreed to end the Matter,
 Appointing where to meet by Letter ;
 When after many Why's and Wherefore's,
Cum multis aliis — So's — and Therefore's,
 Concluded thus, o'ercome by Reason.
 Nothing is proper out of Season.

Quoth

Quoth *Celia*, then you should address,
 In proper Time, — sure you can guess ;
 'Tis in the Dark secreting Night
 That keeps the Virgin's Blush from Light,
 I think says *Strephon* you are right.

At Night he met the willing Maid
 Who had before her Thoughts betray'd :
 Th' instructed Youth there seiz'd upon her,
 Regain'd his Rest ; she lost her Honour.

Truth in a Widow's Tears.

SOME TIME ago to pretty Clo
 There fell a sad Desaster ;
 For cruel Death had stop'd the Breath
 Of Puggy and his Master.

II. With

II.

With Sobs and Sighs and weeping Eyes

Her killing Woe she vented,

Yet still her Grief found no Relief

So much poor *Clo* lamented.

III.

Young *Phillis* came to see the Dame

And give her Consolation ;

She talk'd to *Clo* as Women do

On every such Occasion.

IV.

Says she, my Dear, your Grief forbear,

What signifies your sighing,

Alas ! Poor Man, he's dead and gone

And vain is all your Crying.

V. So

V.

So young in Years, such constant Tears,
 Your Beauty will disparage ;
 Then cease your Grief, and some Relief
 Seek in a second Marriage.

VI.

Quoth Clo, alas, that's not the Case,
 The Reason of my Weeping,
 Poor Puggy's gone, and I alone,
 My widow'd Bed must sleep in.

VII.

A second Spouse each Widow knows
 Is not so long a getting ;
 But such a Dog, so sweet a Pug,
 Oh ! — no Place can be met in.

C U P I D

C U P I D *struck Blind.*

I.

JE N N Y gay, innocent and young
 By Beauty's Queen ordain'd,
 (The pleasing Theme of every Tongue)
 Had long the Fav'rite reign'd.

II.

While powder'd Beaus would round her crowd
 To give her Levee grace,
 She, Courtier like, on all bestow'd
 A fair designing Face.

III.

Says *Cupid* (who himself ador'd
 Her Charms above all others)
 Shall then my Sex— reputed Lord !
 Be subje&t to my Mother's.

D

IV. No !

IV.

No! — And directly bent his Bow ;
 As fir'd at th' Alarm :
 Flew to the Fair, as fond to shew
 He could desolve the Charm.

V,

I (who before too dearly lov'd)
 Saw him approach the Room,
 By my own foolish Heart reprov'd,
 Too justly fear'd my Doom.

VI.

He scarce beheld her, but Surprize
 Fore-run the Loss of Sight ;
 Struck by the Light'ning of her Eyes,
 His never more saw Light.

VII.

He pull'd the String, blind and amaz'd !
 Swift as can be express'd :

Fix'd

Fix'd in my Heart the Shaft, which graz'd
On pretty *Jenny's* Breast.

VIII.

The Younker to his Mother run,
His Sorrows to declare,
She weeping heard, reprov'd her Son,
And sent him to the Fair.

IX.

Said *Venus*, " Since you've been so bold
" You must the Pain endure :
" I thought your Power uncontrould,
" But hers is most secure !

X

" In early Days, I knew not how
" To bend your froward Mind ;
" But go and let her guide you now,
" Whose Charms have struck you blind."

XI.

The God obey'd, and for th' Offence
 Did with Success implore ;
 The Crimes he has committed since,
 Must lay at *Jenny's* Door.

XII.

Some Men before might guard their Hearts,
 For *Cupid* shot at Random :
 But who can now avoid his Darts,
 When *Jenny's* Eyes command 'em.

*To a Young Lady who said she had
 a Beau in her Eye.*

THE Necromancers oft, as Poets sing,
 Kept Spirits fetter'd in a Magick Ring ;
 So *Laura*, in the Circle of her Eye,
 Has got a Beau in sweet Captivity ;

Who

Who in triumphant Bonds, and glorious Chains,
 A Slave, more great than proudest Monarch reigns,
 And views, exulting, from his Chrystal Sphere,
 Mankind contending to be Prisoners there.

Thrice happy Beau how envy'd is thy Lot ?
 What a delicious Prison hast thou got !
 Not *Alexander*'s self would have repin'd
 Within those Limits to have been confin'd ;
 He, whom the Globe of Earth could not suffice,
 Had been content with that in *Laura*'s Eyes ;
 There bounded his Ambition ; and possest
 Of that rich Orb, had slighted all the rest.



From

From a PUPIL to his TUTOR.

LEARNING, tho' grac'd with Female
 Charms,
 Gives manly Force and strong Alarms ;
 Awakes the Soul to all that's good
 Noble and great ; refines the Blood :
 Delivers down the Deeds of Time,
 Our weak Transactions and sublime ;
 Who would not then employ their Hours,
 In searching after Virtue's Flow'rs ;
 And shun those Actions, which will shame
 Both our Posterity, and Name :
 How blest are Tutors then, how worthy Praise,
 Who teach our Youth, with *Birch* to wear the *Bayes* ?



An Epitaph on a Barber's Boy.

HERE lies in Bloom of Youth a Barber's Boy,
 His Master's Grief now dead, alive his Joy ;
 His Razor scarcely touch'd the tender Skin,
 So sweetly soft he shav'd the Hairy Chin :
 O gentle Earth lie lightly on his Grave,
 Thou canst not lie so light as he cou'd shave.

The COUNTRY LIFE.

I.

SECLUDED from the City's Noise,
 How blest the Country Life,
 When nought our Peace of Mind destroys,
 But our pleasing rural Joys
 Divest the Soul of Strife ?

II. The

II.

The only Emulation there,

Is but who best can move,
Who best can please the lovely Fair,
Who best describe her graceful Air,
And teach the Charmer Love.

III.

Repos'd beneath some shady Tree,

Where Streams glide smooth along,
Each Swain from jealous Torments free,
Sits by his Charmers Side, whilst she
Attentive hears his Song.

IV.

How sweet must all their Moments move

When nought disturbs their Mind ;
How sweet must be the Joys of Love
When each endeavours who shall prove
Most constant and most kind.

V. Can

V.

Can such true Bliss in Town be met,
 Oh ! never, never there ;
 Or can the Joys of Love be sweet,
 Can Love be ever term'd compleat
 Between a jealous Pair.

VI.

From buisy Cities *Cupid* flies,
 And seeks the happier Plain :
 There triumphs in *Maria's* Eyes,
 From thence does every Heart surprize,
 And wounds the willing Swain.

VII.

Maria ever fair and young,
 The Favourite of Love,
 Commands the captiv'd rural Throng,
 The pleasing Theme of every Song
 That fills the vocal Grove.

VIII.

How blest the Youth, how great his Joy
 Who can a Smile obtain ;
 But oh ! how swift her Frowns destroy,
 Despair consumes the wretched Boy
 Until she smiles again.

IX.

If from her Smiles such Bliss we see,
 Such Pleasure we deservy ;
 What must a full Enjoyment be ?
 Which Happiness to all but me,
 May Heaven and she deny.



To a LADY Singing.

I.

WHEN on his Lyre, young *Orpheus* play'd
 Diffusing Harmony around,
 The rapid Streams their Course delay'd,
 To Listen to the melting Sound.

II.

His Melody so greatly charm'd,
 That safe amidst the Beasts he stood,
 Of all their native Rage disarm'd,
 They Danc'd within the moving Wood.

III.

Yet though he cou'd thus sweetly Play,
 Had'st thou then liv'd, thus sweetly sung,
Orpheus had thrown his Harp away
 To listen to thy sweeter Tongue.

On a L A D Y who died suddenly
whilst She was Singing.

I.

W H E N on her Lute *Lucinda* play'd,
And in harmonious Consort sung,
Jove listen'd to the lovely Maid,
Charm'd with the Musick of her Tongue.

II.

Says he shall such melodious Joys,
To dull Mortality be given ?
When fair *Lucinda*'s tuneful Voice,
Wou'd add new Happiness to Heaven !

III.

No, no, my *Hermes*, quickly fly,
And bring her to our bless'd Abode !
He fled, and snatch'd her to the Sky,
To Charm the fond admiring God.

The

*The Poet, the Beau, and
the Lady.*

I.

PO L L Y (in making of her Tour)
At every publick Place
Made captive Beaux confess her Pow'r,
Where e'er she shew'd her Face.

II.

A Poet too among the Rest,
Was humbled at her Shrine ;
His Lyrick Compliments confess'd
His Heroine Divine.

III.

She kindly let him sooth her Pride,
Nor met him with a Frown ;
He thought the Charms he versify'd
Were all to be his own.

IV. Still

IV.

Still she her Suitor would reprove
 If he presum'd to kiss,
 For distant, honourable Love
 Was all would do with Miss.

V

At length a dapper keeping Spark
 To *Polly* makes his Court ;
 Tells her of shining in the Park
 Among the better Sort.

VI.

She willing to be worship'd there
 In a new Scene of Life,
 Consented — for the reigning Fair
 To loose the Name of Wife.

VII.

Crambo, who play'd the loosing Card,
 Does his Misfortunes curse,

Owns

Owns the Productions of a Bard

Are nothing to a Purse.

To a L A D Y. On her D O V E S.

WHEN from *Tithonus'* Bed *Aurora* springs,
The warbling Lark in transport mounts

his Wings.

To her the grateful Bird directs his Lay,

And greets the bless'd Vicissitude of Day.

When from her soft Repose, by Nature drawn,

Dorinda rises like the blushing Dawn,

A sudden Impulse strikes the tender Doves,

They wake and pay the Homage of their Loves.

Think then in Man what Adoration springs,

Since Light and Beauty act on meaner Things.

Let their Example thy dear Bosom fire,

And feel the Passion which thy Charms inspire.

Matrimony

Matrimony no Cure for the Eyes.

A T A L E.

BLINCO, who dealt in paltry Wares,
Sold Toys in Town, and Country Fairs ;
But *Blinco's Eyes* be'ng not too strong
About his Stand made Sharpers throng,
Not with Design to buy, but pilfer
His Wares, Commodities and Silver.

Thus *Blinco* lawfully pursuing
His good Vocation, found his Ruin,
Approach apace, yet what to do
He cou'd not tell, he never knew
What Marriage was, why then, says he,
I'll have a Wife, a comely she
Whose Eyes, as bless'd with sharper Sight,
May Rogues detect and Fools invite.

No sooner thought, than done, he marries ;
 But, mark how *Blinco* still miscatries.
 A Wife he got with comely Feature,
 A kind and tender, lovely Creature.
 New House he takes, his Wealth employs
 In purchasing some glaring Toys ;
 Chaps thick and fast, apace the Money
 Came rolling in, his new found Honey
 Quickly invites spruce Pig-tail Beaus,
 To purchase Lace for borrow'd Cloaths ;
 Whilst they another Bargain drove,
 Tempting the beauteous Fair to love.

But *Blinco*'s Wife with Chat and Grace
 Refus'd each fulsome Fops Embrace ;
 Long while, the Fair maintain'd her Honour,
 Permitting none to put upon her.
 They finding their Addresses vain,
 Poor *Blinco* lost his Trade again.

What's to be done ? He raves and rails,
 And dreams of Writs, Arrests, and Goals.
 His Wife perswades him, chucks his Chin,
 Assures him they'd have Trade agen ;
 And says, " I'll save my Dear from Ruin,
 " If he'll leave all Things to my doing."

Blinco agreed to this with Pleasure,
 (Ascertain'd 'twou'd encrease his Treasure)
 Permits his Wife to use all Arts,
 Her pretty Person, tempting Parts.

In costly Trim and gay Attire
 She dress'd her out, new Sparks to fire ;
 Toss'd up her Head, and leer'd her Eye,
 To charm the wanton Passers by.
 No 'kerchief wore to hide her Bubbies ;
 They bare and tempting caught the Loobies ;

Her pretty Legs, some Things beside
 She shew'd, which she indeed shou'd hide,
 And granting unto each a Favour,
 Did just what wanton Wags wou'd have her.

His Trade renew'd old *Blinco* finding,
 Thinks nothing else is worth his minding.
 When Wife's with Spark, he keeps the Door ;
 (For she's a profitable Whore,)
 He sees her not (as Gold's his Charm.
 He's sure there's nothing which can harm
 His easy Life) he's never prying
 Where, when, with whom his Wife is lying.

So he who single was near sighted,
 And could not tell when wrong'd, or righted :
 By meeting with a Wife so kind
 Is now, alas ! entirely blind.

He

F 2

To

To *C O D R U S.*

CODRUS, a Brother in the *Scribbling Trade*,
 To each new Piece a Dedication made ;
 With Lord, or Lady's Name his Work wou'd grace ;
 And beg with fulsome Flattery a Place :
 Nor Place, nor Pension, Lord, nor Lady grants,
 Accepts the Piece, but ne'er relieves his Wants.
 Now wiser grown ; — a fly designing Elf,
 He *dedicates* his Labours to *himself*.

Ex tempore *Lines on a Club of*
 F R E E - T H I N K E R S.

IF Death's the End of Life, why then
 Free-Thinkers are the happiest Men ;
 But, if there is a Life hereafter,
 How fatal are their Jests and Laughter !

*A Paraphrase on the 11th ODE,
of the 1st Book of HORACE.*

SEEK not my Friend to know the Fates
Decree,

What End the Gods design for you or me :

'Tis a presumptuous Crime in erring Man;
To strive the Mysteries of Fate to scan.

What ! shall that Reason which the Gods design'd

To guide and fortify the human Mind,

Be vainly lost in useless Searches ? No,

Rather employ thy Thoughts on Things below :

Here let the Reason *Jove* has given thee be shewn,

The Fates Decrees to Fate alone are known.

But say thy boasted Wisdom soar'd so high

As to foresee thy certain Destiny.

Can't thou by knowing it avoid thy Doom ?

No, for what ever is decreed must come ;

Then

Then what dost thou by all thy Knowledge gain
But Loss of Pleasure in a Search of Pain ?

The Man whose Thoughts are to the Earth con-
fin'd,

Nor studies to be more than *Jove* design'd.
His pleasant Hours no future Cares molest,
To Morrow's Fortune never breaks his rest ;
No Torments from Anxiety he knows,
Pleas'd with the Joy the present Day bestows ;
Trusts to the bounteous Gods Futurity,
Lives happy, dies, and knows as much as thee.
Then cease the hidden Depths of Fate t' explore,
Nor strive above Mortality to soar ;
To Day with me in Pleasure gayly pass,
And swift as Time put round the circling Glaſs.
Nor let the Joys it gives us be perplex'd
In thought of what may happen on the next.

The

The Man who studies Heaven's Designs to know
 Only anticipates his future Woe,
 And spite of all the Knowledge he can boast,
 He's the unhappiest Man because he knows the
 most:

*A W o m a n ' s R e a s o n f o r
 C u c k o l d o m .*

O LD *Cornutus a Cit*, upbraided his Wife
 With leading so airy, so flagrant a Life,
 In gadding and gossiping, wasting her Days,
 In shunning her Shopmate and bowling to Plays.
 He rail'd at her soundly, no Change he espy'd,
 Enrag'd I'm a Cuckold, a Cuckold he cry'd ! }
 Alas, my dear Hubby, the fair one reply'd.
 In *Ovid* you'll read when Intent on a Rape,
 How *Jove* the Immortal wou'd vary his Shape,

How

How to Crete on his Back *Europa* was born
 Whilst she to sit safely held fast by the Horn.
 Then blame me not Dearest, nor blame my Desires,
 The Horn ever since each kind Female admires.

*The H Y P - D O C T O R turn'd
 F R E E - M A S O N.*

A S Tradewell one Morning was reading the
 Papers,
 And sipping of Coffee, (that Cure for the Vapours,)
 By chance cast his Eye on a Paragraph odd,
 Relating to *Henly* (once Servant of God)
 In Amazement cry'd out, such a Thing ne'er was
 known,
 A Botcher in Physick turn'd Carver of Stone.
 A grave Politician who saw his Surprize,
 His Spectacles doffing and prinking his Eyes,
 With

With sapient Address cry'd, the Cause I'll relate,
 The Doctor by blund'ring *Arcana's* of State,
 In striving to *Beggars* the *Excise* to explain,
 The Smoak of Tobacco so clouded his Brain,
 The radical Moisture grew dry as a Bone,
 His Senses first muddy'd, then harden'd to Stone.

The DOCTOR and the TAYLOR.
A S O N G.

To the Tune of King John, &c.

I.

NO T far from that antient and much noted
 Place,
 Which Barber has trimm'd, and now bears a new
 Face ;
 Where Freedmen the Want of their Freedom bemoan,
 There lives an old Parson by this he'll be known.

Derry down, &c.

G

II. He

II.

He wears a Wigg piss burnt, no Shirt near his Hand,
 A rusty old Gown, and a dirty torn Band ;
 With a Face sodamn'd meagre, and wrinkl'd that 'tis
 Just like an old Monkey's, or M—b—n's Phyz.

Derry down, &c.

III.

There lodges a Taylor not far from his House,
 Though oft in his Pocket he has not a Souise ;
 His Board is so furnish'd, as Nobles can't boast,
 For every Day Thousands are fed at his Cost.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

Now some do affirm they eat none of his Bread,
 But then on his Flesh they're luxuriously fed ;
 Yet though daily so many are eating their fill,
 No Butcher was e'er known to bring in his Bill.

Derry down, &c.

V. This

V.

This Taylor one Time, (having earn'd him some
nd,
Cole)

Had a Mind to be merry and clear up his Soul,
So he went to a House in the Rules of the *Fleet*,
And near a good Fire he settled his Seat.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

Not long he sat there, but in comes the old Priest,
Who to move the poor Taylor did strongly insist.
Snip bluntly refusing, —the Doctor in Wrath,
Began to call Names unbecoming his Cloth.

Derry down, &c.

VII.

The whole Trade of the Taylors the Parson abus'd,
Scrubs, Rascals and Scoundrels, were Words that
he us'd;

Nay, (if Fame's not a Liar) he call'd this poor Stitch
An Impudent, beggarly Son of a B—

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

That you are most scandalous hence you may find,
Your Trade is contemptible 'mongst all Mankind ;
For if you're entrusted to buy but a Suit,
You'll take care to cabbage your selyes one to boot.

Derry down, &c.

IX.

The Taylor (though he was no Man of great Mettle,)
His Seat still maintain'd at the End of the Settle ;
And says, if a Taylor's a scandalous Name,
I think (with Submission) a Parson's the same.

Derry down, &c.

X.

Say's the Parson, such Impudence never was heard,
In every Religion the Priesthood's rever'd ;

Therefore

Therefore thou'rt a Rogue against us to inveigh ;
 Quoth Snip, I can plainly make out what I say.

Derry down, &c.

XI.

With Scandal you're pleas'd our Vocation t'upbraid,
 I'll prove that your Function's much worse than my
 Trade ;

Then (finding the Parson grow damnably vex'd)
 Says he, I'll divide it, as you do a Text.

Derry down, &c.

XII.

First, Then you in Wedlock will Whores and
 Rogues joyn,
 And secondly Bastards with Christ's Cross you sign ;
 You thirdly dead Cuckolds to Heaven commend,
 And lastly you are by the Parish maintain'd.

Derry down, &c.

The

*The cast off MISTRESS: Or, A
MEAL by CHANCE.*

I.

EXCLAIMING loud against her Fate,
Molly turn'd out of keeping ;
 In sullen Mood with Mammy fate
 To ease her Cares by weeping.

II.

For if the Cause from Joy arise,
 Or Grief — no Matter whether ;
 They which receive 'em first, the Eyes,
 Are best to let out either.

III.

For now the Want of Food, bereft
 Of Ornaments, the Sinner,
 'Till scarce a better Gown was left
 To truckle for a Dinner.

IV. Now

IV.

Now talks she of the former Times,

When blooming and prevailing ;

Now calls down Curses on her Crimes,

Since all her Charms are failing.

V.

Mamma, who now and then a Word

Put in, Advice to give her,

Loudly exclaims against my Lord

Who could so poorly leave her.

VI.

In this Distress the Ladies were,

'Till half the Day was over,

When Fortune took them to her Care,

And introduc'd a Lover.

VII.

An old Acquaintance who had been,

Before by Miss neglected,

And coming opportunely in,

Was very much respected.

VIII. He

VIII.

He soon perceiv'd whence rose her Grief,
 (For he was not a **Ninny**,)
 So gave her present Woes Relief,
 And chear'd her with a **Guinea**.

IX.

She told her Mother in her Ear,
 Her Spark's indulgent Treating ;
 We shall, quoth she, have better Fare,
 And know the Sweets of Eating.

X.

Ay, says the Matron, but alas !
 Short are the Joys we're tasting,
 To morrow, (oh ! disast'rous **Cafe** !)
 Will show they are not lasting.

XI.

Molly reply'd, no more give way,
 To vain and foolish Sorrow,
 Chance, who has been so kind to Day,
 May be as kind to Morrow.

On a LADY's Picture.

I.

WHILST we that sweet delusive Form
 Too eagerly admire,
 The Counterfeited Beauty's warm
 Our Breasts with real Fire.

II.

In every Smile with ready Darts
 Young lurking *Cupids* lie,
 By whose destructive subtle Arts
 Poor heedless Gazers die.

III.

If the faint Image has such Charms
 Which can our Hearts enthrall,
 Think what superior Beauty arms
 The bright Original.

H

The

*The 5th Elegy of the 1st Book of
OVID's Amours, Translated.*

ONE Summer's Noon, with Heat opprest,
I laid my wearied Limbs to rest,
The Curtain open half, half drawn,
Thro' which the Light but dimly shone ;
With Rays as faint, as those we see
Come glimm'ring thro' a shady Tree,
Such as when *Sol* forsakes the Skies,
And Ev'ning Dusk and Damps arise :
Or when the Stars proclaim their Flight,
Nor yet *Aurora* glads the Sight,
Such as the Maiden, young and coy,
Approves of when she meets the Joy.
Where Modesty secure may feel
The Rapture, yet the Blush conceal.
When lo ! to set my Soul on Fire,
With wishful Eyes, and loose Attire,

The

The Latin.

AESTUS erat, mediamq; Dies exegerat Horam
Apposui medio membra Levanda Toro :

Pars ad aperta fuit, pars altera clausa Fenestrae,

Quale ferè Sylvæ Lumen habere solent.

Qualia subludent fugiente Crepuscula Phæbo,

Aut ubi nox abiit, nec tamen orta Dies.

Illa verecundis Lux est præbenda Puellis,

Quâ timidus Latebras speret habere Pudor.

The dear *Corinna* sought my Bed,
 Her Locks in wanton Ringlets spread ;
 But so contriv'd the parting Hair
 Left to my view her Bosom bare.
 So fair *Semiramis* 'tis said,
 Approach'd her fav'rite Lover's Bed :
 So *Laiis* drest, with artful Charms
 Allur'd the Gazer to her Arms.
 Her flowing Robe I pull'd aside,
 (Which scarce before her Charms cou'd hide)
 To keep her flowing Robe she try'd :
 But try'd so faintly, that 'twas plain
 She only wish'd to try in vain.
 At length the longing willing Maid,
 Was by her own Consent betray'd ;
 And as before my Eyes undrest
 She stood, with ev'ry Charm confess'd,
 Beauty appear'd in ev'ry Part,
 And every Feature aim'd a Dart.

Her

Ecce Corinna venit, Tunicâ velata recinctâ,

Candida dividuâ Collo tegente Comâ.

Qualiter in Thalamos formosa Semiramis iſſe

Dicitur, & multis Lais amata Viris.

Diripui Tunicam (nec multum rara nocebat)

Pugnabat Tunicâ sed tamen illa tegi.

Cumq; itâ pugnaret, tanquam quæ vincere nollet,

Victa est non ægre Proditione suâ,

Ut Stetit ante Oculos possit velamine nostros,

In toto nusquam Corpore Menda fuit.

Quos

Her Arms how delicately white !
 How soft to touch ! How fair to Sight !
 How red her Lips ! How full her Chest !
 How round each rising snowy Breast
 Panting desirous to be prest !
 How level her smooth Belly laid !
 Her taper Thighs how fair display'd !
 And then her — but to say no more,
 A *Venus* she appear'd all o'er !
 Transported with so many Charms
 I clasp'd her naked in my Arms ;
 My Body close to her's I joyn'd,
 And — what ensu'd let Fancy find :
 Sated with Love, we went to Rest,
 Oh, may each Noon like that be blest !



The

Quos Humeros ! quales vidi tetisque Lacertos !

Forma Papillarum quam fuit apta premi !

Quam castigato planus sub Pectore Venter !

Quantum & quale Latus ! quam Juvenile Temur !

Singula quid referam ? Nil non laudabile vidi.

Et nudam pressi Corpus ad usque meum.

Cetera quis neffit ?

lassi requievimus ambo :

Proveniant medii sic mihi sape Dies !



The W H O R E and the J U S T I C E.

W H A T after so many and dang'rous Mis-
haps

Which she has escap'd from Poxes and Claps,
Is Fortune and G—f—n so cruel to *Molly*
To force her in *Bridewell* at last to Mill-dolly ?

My Grief is so great, it admits of no Cure,
When I think what those delicate Limbs must en-
dure ;

Those delicate Limbs, which sure Nature design'd
The Envy of Woman, the Joy of Mankind !

Knaves will have their Way — 'tis in vain to resist,
Authority spares none but those it has kist ;

Then mill on dear *Molly*, and cast away Sorrow,
The Hemp you beat to Day, may hang him to
Morrow.

To the Author of the B E E.

GREAT MAN, who art to be, (for so thy
Pride,

Has, boasting of thy Merit, prophesy'd)
How camest thou to conceive th' industrious Bee,
A Creature any Way resembling thee ?

For he with Diligence employs the Day,
Sweets to preserve from earlier decay ;
Assiduous in the Morn he takes his Flight,
And restless Labours, 'till approaching Night ;
But then, his *little Form* by Toil opprest,
Gently *bums Home*, to take his usual Rest ;
There, when his constant careful Course is ran,
Unlades his Sweets to be of use to Man.

While you, Great SIR, to others Labours owe,
That Ease, and Happiness, which waits you now ;
For all those *gather'd Sweets* by which you thrive,
Are only borrow'd from your Neighbour's *Hive* ;

I

And

And you by taking from their Heap away,
Contract a Debt, you never can repay.

The Careful Journalist who Weekly tries
To live by *Libels, Liberty and Lyes* ;
Tho' some ill-wrested Meanings often draw
On the poor Man the Sentence of the Law ;
Laughs at the past, — will future Hazards run,
Encourag'd, tho' unlicenc'd, — 'till undone.

But now small Profits from his *Cares* accrue,
He's undersold — So only works for **Y o u :**
The poor *Collector* of Domestick News,
Whose *little Pay* will barely purchase Shoes,
Runs up and down to gather each Report,
Who's married, buried, hang'd, or rais'd at Court :
T H E S E, the labourious Bee his Equals owns,
Buzzing Stale-wit Retailers, are but *Drones*.

The Doctor now the Lord knows whither gone,
Found *Sweets* in all *Religions*, and in none ;

Papist, and Protestant, by Turns profest,
 And the most profitable was the best ;
Atheist, or Deist, on Occasion either,
 He liv'd them all — but dy'd for certain neither ;
Lest the poor Priest the Purse, without the Money,
 Gave him the *empty Comb*, when you had suck'd the
Honey.

*The RESURRECTION : Or, LIFE
 consists in Motion.*

SOME Time ago, as Stories tell,
 Into a Trance Xantippe fell ;
 Soon she was laid upon the Bier,
 Such was her good old Man's Desire ;
 For she had been so damn'd a Wife,
 She wearied him quite out of Life :
 But mark the Effect of too much Haste,
 The Bearers walking too, too fast,

Down on the Ground the Bier tumbl'd
 And into Life Xantippe jumbl'd ;
 For, by the Fall she soon awoke,
 And thus in frighted Manner spoke,
 Where am I ? Ah ! where am I going ?
 What is the Reason of this Doing !
 What muffles thus my Face and Head !
 Ah ! In a Shroud before I'm dead :
 Where is my Spouse ? Oh ! there's the Rogue,
 What ! — Bury me alive you Dog :
 Knave ! Scoundrel ! Cuckold ! I'll resent it !
 Depend upon't you shall repent it ;
 Her Spouse, poor simple harmless Fellow,
 Hung Down his Head like hen-peck'd *Lello*,
 Beg'd Pardon, swore he ne'er design'd it,
 And hop'd his Deary wou'd not mind it ;
 Knowing Resistance was in vain,
 He yielded to his Yoke again ;

After a long ten Years had tir'd
 His Life, again his Wife expir'd.
 But he, who former Ills made wise,
 Oh, bear her gently, softly, cries ;
 Leaft by a second Fall my Wife,
 Should be again restor'd to Life.

On Joseph's refusing Potiphar's Wife.

FOR Righteousness, to *Joseph* some impute
 His cold Denyal of his Lady's Suit ;
 If we consider rightly, 'twill appear,
 Th' *Egyptians* are not like our *Ladies* here ;
 Had he been sold into more Northern Climes,
 Or liv'd a Servant in these modern Times,
 Maugre his seeming Sanctity, you'd find,
 He'd not have fled, and left his Coat behind.

Upon

Upon M O N E Y.

MONE Y, thou Source of Grief, and Hap-
pine ss,

Design'd to raise our Cares, or make them less ;
How cam'st thou, to such Pride and Grandeur now,
From a base Parentage so meanly low ?
Why must *his* Government submit to *thine*,
Who found thee Poor and Dirty, in a Mine ;
Who, when thou layst imprison'd in the Earth,
Kindly unloos'd thy Bonds, and gave thee Birth ?
Who from a *Chaos*, from the Realms of Night,
Reveal'd thy shining Lustre to the Sight ;
Who purg'd away with *Fire* thy baser Part,
And rais'd thee, undeserv'd to what thou art ;
Foolishly stamp'd thee with thy Maker's Face,
And gave thee Power to dispute his Place.
Vain idle Man, no more attempt to call
Thy poor divested self the Lord of all.

Since

Since when you made that Image, thine own Hand,
 Basely transfer'd thy Title and Command ;
 Nay, like a Deity you now adore,
 What you dispis'd, and trod upon before.

The CONSTABLE mistaken.

A SONG.

To the Tune of the Abbot of Canterbury.

I.

COME listen a while, and a Song you shall
 hear,
 That will tickle your Fancy as well as your Ear ;
 It is of a *Constable* who had the Fate
 Of most married Men, *to wear Horns on his Pate.*

Derry Down, &c.

II.

His Wife she was young and was handsome to boot,
 Who was wont with a merry *Young Templar* to do't ;

And

And though People say she dishonour'd his Bed,
I'm sure you'll allow that she honour'd his Head.

Derry Down, &c.

III.

This *Templar* went always so spruce and so gay,
That he smote ev'ry Damsel that came in his Way ;
And as the Girls own, was a Man of such Parts,
That he soon found the Way to get into their

Hearts

Derry Down, &c.

IV.

One Night, as was usual, th' Appointment was
made,
And into his Chambers the Wife was convey'd,
Where with Kissing, and Toying, my Dear, and my
Duck,

We'll leave them a while to make much of their

Luck

Derry Down, &c.

V. When

V.

When straight to the *Constable* News there was
brought

Of a barbarous, wicked, and horrible Plot,
Duke *Ormond* was likewise come privately over,
And was now in the Chambers of this our Lover.

Derry Down, &c.

VI.

Away to the *Temple* the Magistrate hies,
And with Thumps at the Door thus imperiously
cries,
In the Name of the King I Admittance demand,
His Officer I, lo the Staff in my Hand.

Derry Down, &c.

VII.

Affrighted, the Lady now trembles for fear.
Her Lover was likewise in much the same Geer ;
However he hastens to dress him anew,
And opens the Door to see what wou'd ensue.

Derry Down, &c.

K

VIII. When

VIII.

When soon to his great, tho' his joyful Surprize,
 The *Constable* thus Magisterially cries,
 Your Rooms I must search, for I'm told it for true,
 That *Ormond* the *Traytor* is lodg'd here with you.

Derry Down, &c.

IX.

The Gentleman now being free'd from his Fear,
 Cries, search where you will for no *Ormond* is here;
 No *Duke*, and no *Earl*, and no *Traytor* I keep,
 Here's none but my *Chum* who lies now fast asleep.

Derry Down, &c.

X.

Your *Chum*, says the *Constable*, him I must see,
 For ought that I know your *Chum* may be He !
 Nay, hold, says the *Templer*, and stand but aloof,
 I'll give to the contrary evident Proof.

Derry Down, &c.

XI. N

XI.

No sooner had said, to the Bed but he went,
 The *Constable* staring to see the Event ;
 When first at the Feet he unfolded the Cloths,
 And there such a Sight ! Such a Sight did disclose !

Derry Down, &c.

XII.

Such a Sight ; 'twould have warm'd you tho' never
 so cold,
 'Twould have strengthen'd the Weak, and enliven'd
 the Old ;
 The Legs so proportion'd ! So taper the Thighs !
 So black the *Dear Joke* ! you'd have gaz'd out your
 Eyes.

Derry Down, &c.

XIII.

Well, now, say's the *Templer*, I hope you'll agree,
 That this is not *Ormond* that lies here with me :
 True, true ! say's the *Constable*, *Ormond* it's not,
 And I wish I was ta'en in the very same Plot.

Derry Down, &c.

XIV.

So after some Bows and Apologies made,
 He departs to go on with his Peace-making Trade;
 Nor knew he where oft he had been, the old Place,
 Hard Fate that a Man shou'd forget his own **Cafe** !

Derry Down, &c.

XV.

Now the Lovers are left for to toy and to kiss,
 And to revel all Night in Excesses of Bliss ;
 While the Husband's the Cause of their Jokes and
 their Jeers,
 And they both play the Wag 'till the Morning ap-
 pears.

Derry Down, &c.

XVI.

Then since the *Constable* has caught a *Tartar*,
 And *Ormond* is safe, he may hang in his *Garter* ;
 And if e'er for the Future he rambles the Town
 To look for a **S T A R**, let him look to his **C R O W N**.

Derry Down, &c.

To

* *To SALINDA confin'd to her Chamber
by a violent Head-Ach and Cold.*

YE Powers, unseen, that People ambient Air!
Guides of the Great! and Guardians of the
Fair!

Smile in soft Radiance round *Salinda's* Bed,
Breathe your ætherial Balms, to ease her *Head* ;
From the press'd Pillow, chase approaching *Pain*,
And watch new Sun-shine in her Eyes again.

See! — Since her Absence, what a *Frost* is spread,
The cheerful Glow of Day is chill'd and dead ;
The Trees stand motionless all whiten'd o'er,
And the poor shivering Songsters charm no more ;
The sullen Elements, thro' each cold Part,
Gloom like a fond, unhoping *Lover's* Heart.

I too, whom Health has seldom fail'd to bless,
Lose my own *Happiness* in her *Distress*!

Faithful

Faithful to *Hers*, my trembling Blood moves slow,
 And waits her quick'ning Voice for leave to flow ;
 One conscious Damp does general Joy controul,
 As every publick Place had lost its Soul ;
 The Park grows painful, for my Eyes unbliss'd,
 Ach at each Pebble her dear Feet have press'd ;
Musick is *mournful* ! For each dying *Air*,
 But whispers —— my *Salinda* shines not there ;
 E'en the Loud * *Hunter's Horn* alarms in vain,
 Her Sighs still pierce me thro' it's loudest Strain ;
 Would I from Sense of what *she suffers* fly,
 There is but *one Way* left — and that's —— to *die*.

Trace then some Angel. Her Meandering Veins
 From those blue Heavens expel the floating *Pains* ;
 Tell her 'tis Winter in our Hearts — and say,
 The *World* is *dark* 'till she restores the *Day*.

* One of *Salinda's* Captives, famous for sounding the *French-Horn*.

*An ODE on the Marriage of the
Prince of ORANGE.*

I.

SWIFTER, ye Minutes, swifter fly,
Bid Time his leaden Wings lay by !
Bid him the feather'd Hours employ !
Propitious Hours replete with Joy !
For *Nassau* haste the Nuptial Day
Moments in Love are Ages of Delay.

II.

Behold, the Minutes swifter move,
Sacred to *Hymen*, and to Love !
Behold a Chaste, and beautious Train
Of Cupids, hov'ring o'er the Plain !
While each afford his zealous Aid,
'Till the Glad Youth receives the Royal Maid.

III.

Hail *happy Prince* ! with Wonder see,
Of all the Fair the fairest She !

With

With Rapture fill her Virgin Arms,
 And feed luxurious on her Charms ;
 That future Ages hence may know,
 What to *Nassau* and *Anna's* Love they owe.

IV.

And lo ! methinks (fresh Joy t' impart,
 To ev'ry Loyal Briton's Heart)
 From *Anna* and *Nassau* there springs
 A Line of *Heroes* and of *Kings* ;
 Blest with each Virtue and each Grace,
 Great *Nassau's* Valour, and fair *Anna's* Face.

V.

Let other Nations seek for Aid,
 When Foes their trembling Ports invade,
 Safe in its self, Great *George's* Throne
 Depends on Heroes of its own ;
 And free from all domestick Jars,
 Wants no Assistance, fears no foreign Wars.

VI. So

VI.

So his *Britannia* proudly braves
 The Fury of the boist'rous Waves ;
 In vain the Billows lash her Shore ;
 In vain the Winds tumultuous roar ;
 Unmov'd the Tempest she defies,
 And dares th' united Storms of Seas and Skies.

A SONG.

I.

FAREWELL loose Flames,
 And City Dames,
 For now with Joy I quit ye,
 A keener Dart
 Has pierc'd my Heart,
 Shot from the Eyes of *Kitty*.

L

II. You've

II.

You've not a Charm
 Which can alarm ;
 The Gay, the Fair, the Witty,
 Shall not remove
 The constant Love
 Which I have vow'd to *Kitty*.

III.

How soon wou'd I
 With Pleasure fly
 From this bewitching City,
 And in some Cell
 More happy dwell,
 Most happy sure with *Kitty* !

IV.

Each blooming Grace
 About her Face
 Shou'd be my constant Ditty,

And

And sure no Muse
Wou'd Aid refuse
To him who sings of *Kitty.*

V.

When on the Green
The rural Queen
Appears so sweet, so pretty,
The coldest Breast
With Love's possest,
And pants for charming *Kitty.*

VI.

Oh! Gods above
Assist my Love,
No other Youth permit ye,
But happy I,
To live and die
Within the Arms of *Kitty.*

VII.

But if my Pray'r
 The Gods won't hear,
 And are devoid of Pity,
 Then wretched I
 Must learn to die,
 Who wou'd not die for *Kitty* ?

* *What you give to the Poor you lend
 to the L O R D.*

A Poor honest Man whom Necessity made
 To run into Debt, or run out of his Trade ;
 Apply'd to the Parson, who pity'd his Case,
 And promis'd for certain to get him some Grace ;
 So, firmly for once upon doing good bent,
 To a Miser, the worst of his Creditors, went ;
 The Congees quite over, the Doctor begins,
Your Debtor forgive, be forgiven your Sins ;

Quoted

Quoted every Text that wou'd serve his Occasion,
 And wish'd Charity better pursu'd in the Nation ;
 Cry'd aloud, that hard Hearts were a Shame to the
 Land,

And thus he went on to the Matter in Hand ;
 Our Neighbour, poor Man, I must own with regret
 That I speak it to you, Sir, is deep in your Debt ;
 But mark you how kindly the Scripture's Record,
What you give to the Poor, is but lent to the Lord.

Then for Charity's Sake let the Whole be forgiv'n,
 I'll warrant a speedy Remittance from Heaven.

The Miser surpriz'd, yet did calmly reply,
 As you have more Dealings with Heaven than I,
 'Tis Fifty to One but a Man of your Trade,
 When he trusts in this Cafe may be punctually paid ;
 So if to do good you have really a Mind,
 Why, pay me the Debt, take the Contract assign'd.

The Parson on that recollect'd and said,
 To this there may many Objections be made, For

For tho' the Re-payment is firmly assur'd,
 I can't find the Int'rest at all is secur'd ;
 Besides — as it is by all People confess,
 The *Lord*, like the *King*, is secur'd from Arrest ;
 And as I'm his Servant, 'tis certain I must
 Be oblig'd in meer passive Obedience to trust.
 In the Space of six Years (all our Hopes may be crost)
 For by Force of the Statute the Debt will be lost.
 So do what you will — for I give you my Word
 You may harass the *Poor* — 'ere I'll credit the *Lord*.

Custom no Law : Or, A Woman's
 Title to the B R E E C H E S.

TH E English Text of Scripture, shows,
 That Aprons were Mankind's first Cloaths ;
 But Pedants, (who are fond of Quibbles,)
 Affirm that in the Latin Bibles,

'Tis

'Tis thus, * — when Eve and Adam knew
 Their Nakedness, then did they sew
 Fig Leaves, of which, they Breeches made,
 And both therewith, themselves array'd.

If thus our Grand-Dame, heretofore,
 In Paradise the Breeches wore,
 No Wonder now, her Sex shou'd claim,
 A Privilege to do the same.

But hitherto, all Men of Sense,
 (Fore-knowing well the Consequence,)
 Took care t' avoid so great a Blunder,
 And made them as they ought, knock under.

* *Et confutis foliis sicutneis fecerunt sibi subligacula.*



To

To D E L I A.

W H E N Poets of old, had a mind to re-hearce

A *Phillis*, or *Cloe*, in amorous Verse ;
 In borrow'd Beauties, the fair One must shine,
 And Nature be rifled, to make her Divine ;
 The Lillies must on her their Whiteness bestow,
 The Pink must be rob'd of its beautiful Glow ;
 Unto her, the Vi'let its Sweetness must yield,
 With the Rose, and each Flower that decks out
 the Field.

But when you, my *Delia*, I study to Praise,
 Your Charms are sufficient to set off my Lays ;
 No need of the Lilly, Pink, Vi'let, or Rose,
 As you're Sweeter than these, so you're Fairer than
 those.

To

To a LADY, presenting a Nosegay.

I.

A CCEPT these Flow'rs of diff'rent Hue,
 The Lilly and the Rose ;
 And let them, while the Gift you view,
 The Giver's Pain disclose.

II.

The Lilly shows the Face he wears,
 Who loving finds no Rest ;
 Whilst the red Rose expressive bears,
 The Flame within his Breast.

*To the AUTHOR of a Poem call'd
 ALMA MATER.*

WHILST you, Sir, in your envious Lines
 expose
 Learnings best Friends, and Vice's chiefeſt Foes ;
 Safe in their Virtue, they regardleſſ stand,
 Nor fear the Strokes of ſuch a feeble Hand ;

M

Hence

Hence be advis'd, — no more presume to write :
 Nor shew your Teeth 'till you have learn'd to bite,
 Satire, like yours, your Ignorance betrays,
 And Spite detected is a Sort of Praise.
 Then judge aright and know that *Alma Mater*,
 Is only on the Author's self a Satire.

To a LIMNER, on his DAUGHTER.

THOUGH *Vandyke*, and *Kneller* in Art you
 excel,
 With *Titian*, and Thousands too tedious to tell,
 Though Princes you've drawn ; (as I learn by
 Report)
 With all the top Beauties in City and Court,
 Yet still there is one with whom none can compare
 And that is thy Daughter, so Charming, so Fair ;
 For she, my *Apelles*, believe me, 'tis true,
 Is by far the most beautiful Piece you e'er drew.

On the Death of a Young Gentleman.

I.

WHAT Force of Reason can relieve
Afflicted Friends in this Distress?

What Prudence can forbear to grieve?

What Patience make our Sorrow less?

II.

Since he is gone where shall we find

An equally unblemish'd youth?

Whose Virtue ever arm'd his Mind

With the most strict Regard to Truth.

III.

That his few Sins are not forgiv'n

'Twere Heresy to doubt, or fear;

If Goodness qualifies for Heav'n,

He surely must be happy there.

IV.

Here Souls, like his, he cou'd not find,
 Therefore he took his Flight from hence
 To Heaven, where some angelick Mind
 Might equal his in Innocence.

*To Mr. THOMAS STERNHOLD, on
 the KING's Offering.*

By JOHN HOPKINS.

FROM antient Custom 'tis (they say)
 Our most religious King
 Does annually upon *Twelfth Day*,
 Unto the Altar bring,

Gold, Myrrh, and Frankincense, I wean
 They do devolve by Right,
 Unto the Royal Chapel's Dean
 A certain Perquisite;

Now

Now what I'd know is this, — pray tell

In your Opinion, Sir,
Which to the Dean does sweetest smell,
Gold, Frankincense, or Myrrh?

The TOPERS Confession: Or, An Experiment try'd.

A Merry young Blade of the Papal Belief,
Who lov'd many good Things — but Wine
was the Chief ;
When by an old Dominick Fryar confess'd,
Made him think of all Sins, to be drunk was the
best,
For often he told him of numberless Times,
He repeated this one, above all other Crimes :
The Priest for his Grace, and Amendment straight
pray'd.

Allotted him Penance, dispatch'd him and said,

For

(For this, one of the Cloth, if my Story be true,
 Had liv'd a chaste Life, as but few of them do)
 What mighty Allurements in Drunkenness lie,
 I swear I am tempted, — nay, Faith I will try ;
 To resist every Sin I've done all that I cou'd,
 And if now I shou'd err, — why, I'm frail Flesh
 and Blood

Tho' as *Olim*, I ought to act holily *Nunc*,
 I'm resolv'd to give Way for this once and get Drunk.
 The Father, accordingly zealously goes
 To a neighbouring Tavern and fuddles his Nose ;
 But unus'd to hard Drinking he found the next Day,
 What rifled his Senses his Health took away.

But when well, and the Blade came again to Con-
 fession

The Chief of his Crimes was his former Transgres-
 sion.

The Priest, whose good Memory, still did retain
 A Sense of the Pleasure, as well as the Pain,
 Bid the Toper for Penance get fuddled again

For

For, say's he, if Mankind are made all of one Stuff,
To be Drunk is a Punishment ample enough.

An EPIGRAM.

A GAINST our Bishops *Henley* raves,
Tho' all allow they're useful Tools ;
The *Viscount* in like Sort behaves,
And calls our Statesmen bungling Fools.

But now suppose his Majesty
(I wish he wou'd but try it)
Shou'd offer *Henley* some rich See,
D' ye think he wou'd deny it ?

The *Viscount* too wou'd soon be blind,
If taken into Favour ;
For nought like golden Chains can bind
A Man to good Behaviour.

Advice

Advice to a Young LADY.

CONSIDER Celia 'ere it is too late,
CNor rashly tempt the harsh Decrees of Fate;
 Think e'er you enter on that Stage of Life
 Where dwells eternal Joy, or endless Strife.
 Indulgent Heaven with a lavish Hand,
 Has form'd thee, fair One ! For supreme Command :
 Will then, my *Celia*, fly the tempting Youth,
 Within whose Breast resides eternal Truth ?
 Wed with old Age, the Winter of a Day,
 Join her warm Body with a Lump of Clay ;
 What Comfort think'st thou ever to attain,
 Or how the nuptial Band compleatly gain ?
 What's sordid Gold compar'd to Beauty's Charms,
 Or weighty Jointure's to a Lover's Arms ?
 Old fretful wither'd Age can ne'er increase
 The Bands of Amity, of Love and Peace ;

Within

Within his wrinkled Grasp you'll vainly press,
And seek that Bliss you never can possess ;
No lawful Issue from his Loins can spring,
An half got Birth the utmost Hope can bring ;
You'll disappointed mourn the Mother's Joy,
No blooming Girl, no stout courageous Boy
Shall crown such Union — Curs'd unhappy Days !
No Balls thou'l't visit, Masquerades, or Plays ;
Chain'd to the sapless Dolt, you'll count the Night,
Rob'd of the balmy Bliss, the nuptial Right.

Then turn the Scale ; examine *Strephon's* Due,
Who burns with Love, and burns alone for You :
'Tis true the Youth no hoarded Bags can boast,
No gew-gaw Trifles from a foreign Coast ;
Yet nobler far, far greater is the Gain
To fly the Miser, for the honest Swain.



N

Advice

Advice to an antiquated COQUET.

YOUNG *Cloe*, beautiful and fair,
 Of easy Shape and easier Air ;
 Each Morn did with her glass advise
 To swell the Triumphs of her Eyes ;
 At Opera, Masquerade, and Ball,
 At whatsoe'r Polite we call ;
 The City now, and then the Court,
 And ever, where the Great resort,
 There *Cloe* was for ever gay,
 At Noon the Park, at Night the Play ;
 But now grown Old and out of Date,
 (Behold the sad Events of Fate !)
 Her Face with Wrinkles is oe'r-spread,
 The Lilly-white and Rosy red,
 And ev'ry other Charm is fled ;
 Yet she in spite of Time, or Age,
 (Dreading to quit the wonted Stage)

 Nature's
 }

Nature's Defects supplies by Art,
 And still performs the youthful Part ;
 Affects to ogle with her Eye,
 And heave her Bosom with a Sigh ;
 Still imitates the am'rous Glance,
 And still attempts the sprightly Dance.
 But *Cloe* hearken to a Friend,
 Whose Aim is not to chide, but mend ;
 Consult your Glass each morn you rise,
 And mark how Time impatient flies ;
 And as your Beauties fade away,
 So let your Follies too decay.
 Not that I think it ought to be
 Imputed as a Crime to thee,
 That thou'st indulg'd thy youthful Days
 In Operas, Masquerades, and Plays ;
 Hast tasted all the Joy that springs
 From courtly Balls, and crowded Rings,

But that thou would'st those Joys pursue
 And act thy former Life anew.

**T H Y R S I S and M Y R A : Or, The
 G A Z E R.**

THYSIS to *Myra* t'other Day,
 A Morning Visit went to pay,
 In hopes to pass an Hour away
 In pratt'ling o'er a dish of Tea.

Young *Thyrsis* was no sooner come
 Than handed to her dressing Room,
 Where *Myra* at her Toilet sate
 With Care her Graces to compleat ;
 Esteeming nicety of Dress,
 A Woman's real Happiness :
 One half the Day's destroy'd in Pother,
 To fit her out to spend th' other.

By

By Turns her Patch and Powder Box

She lifted to her Face and Locks,

Did every Utensil engage

That fills the Morning Equipage ;

And ev'ry killing Ogle try

That might affect the Standers by.

At last the Maid, (not quite so free)

Must do what *Thyrsis* shou'd not see ;

Then with a Blush and modest Smile

She beg'd he wou'd withdraw a While.

The Youth (who well her Meaning guest)

By finding of the Fair undrest ;

To Disoblige her seem'd afraid,

So lowly bow'd him and obey'd.

But Curiosity which first

Poor *Adam* and our *Grandame* curst,

And has e'er since found so much Place

To damn and ruin all their Race,

Intic'd

Intic'd the merry Spark to pry
 Into the Maiden's Mystery,
 Thinks he, why are these Beauties hid,
 They must be curious, 'cause forbid ?
 So through the Key-Hole peep'd and saw
 The Reasons why he shou'd withdraw.

Myra who thought no Soul had seen her,
 Foul Linnen doft to put on cleaner ;
 While *Thyrsis*, as he gazing stood,
 Found strong Emotions in his Blood ;
 Descending from her radiant Eyes,
 He saw her pouting Breasts arise,
 White as the Snow, or as the Lawn,
 Her Virgin Hands had just put on.
 The Scene did to his Sight reveal,
 What she endeavour'd to conceal ;
 Nor cou'd the Gallant for his Soul
 Retain the Pleasures he had stole,

But

But soon as e'er she let him in
 His Tale in Rapture did begin.

Alas, what hard unhappy Fate
 Did there on poor *Aeteon* wait,
 Who, 'ere the Glass of Life was run
 Was for a single Look undone ?

While I have gaz'd 'till Sight was lost,
 On Charms which *Dian* could not boast ;
 Yet still jocose and brisk remain,
 Free, even from a thought of Pain.

Myra, whose blushing Cheeks betray'd,
 She understood what *Thyrsis* said ;
 Those who have *Dian's* Charms, reply'd,
 Are seldom without *Dian's* Pride.

Nay, I believe the Fair are few,
 But what have *Dian's* Power too.

On a LADY's killing a FLEA.

I Never thought that *Cælia's* tender Heart
 In all the Ills she causes bore a Part,
 But that unpractis'd in the cruel Trade,
 It mourn'd the Ravages her Eyes had made ;
 Though in the Martydom of this poor *Flea*,
 (Our common Cause) I now too plainly see,
 That all Mankind are sentenc'd to despair,
 And *Cælia's* no less cruel than she's fair ;
 Who, but for touching of her Hand would doom
 The innocent Offender to his Tomb.
 But in Revenge of this poor Insect's Fate
 (Who nobly fell in an Attempt so great)
 If the just Pow'rs Above will hear my Pray'r,
 May Thousands of his Race to you repair.
 With Rage incessant haunt you Night and Day,
 Skip on your Arms, and in your Bosom play ;

And

And still may you each nimble Foe surprize
 'Till Hecatombs of strangled Fleas arise,
 And your Hands grow as fatal as your Eyes.

}

* B E A U T Y *Undisguised.*

C O M E, dear *Dorinda*, to my Arms,
 C With all thy Graces, all thy Charms,
 Unvail thy Beauties to my Sight,
 And shew them in their native Light.
 Those Silks with richest Colours dy'd,
 Rather than Grace thy Beauties, hide.
 Shall the vile Entrails of a Worm,
 Shut out from View that Angel Form ?
 For this was all that Beauty given ;
 Must Clouds for ever cover Heaven ?
 Shall Cobweb Lace those Locks confine ?
 Those Locks that like the Brilliant shine.

O

Let

Let them, like Rays, rage unconfin'd,
 And sport amidst the wanton Wind !
 The pendant Di'mond, sparkling nigh,
 Borrows its Lustre from thine Eye :
 Why taught the Sun that Pearl to glow ?
 It adds new Whiteness to the Snow :
 Such is thy native Beauty's Store,
 Art strives in vain to make it more ;
 Let those whose Form is less divine,
 For foreign Charms explore the Nine.
 Through all the Works of Nature run,
 Here Nature has her self out done ;
 Let *Indian* Jewels *Indians* Deck,
 Or serve as Toils to grace thy Neck !
 Gems only shine where Beauty's rare,
 Nature, that made thee, stamp'd thee, Fair.



To

To a wretched Musician.

OR PHEUS, by Musick's Charms, (as Poets tell)

Permission gain'd to bring his Wife from Hell ;
 But 'ere th' infernal Regions he had left,
 Was irretrievably of her bereft ;
 (Just in Height of his Expectance, crost,)
 For one untimely Look his Labour lost.

Hadst thou instead of *Orpheus* thither went,
 Thy Journey had produc'd the wish'd Event :
 Without Restrictions, *Pluto* had decreed,
Eurydice shou'd instantly be freed ;
 For how if Mortals can't, can one Divine
 Endure to hear so vile a Noise as thine?



Advice to a DAUGHTER.

An EPIGRAM.

A Matron one Day giving wholesome Advice
To her Daughter to shun each inordinate
Vice ;

Among many sad Things t' explode she began,
Bid her ne'er have to say, nor to do with a Man ;
She harrangu'd on the Ills of the Creature so long,
That a Wonder of Wonders, she tir'd her Tongue ;
She his Swearing, Dissembling and Lying run o'er
'Till she scarce had a Folly to tax him with more ;
So concluded, dear Daughter, beware, oh beware !
Make that Jewel, that Jewel ! your heavenly Care.
Miss, pertly reply'd, with a Man in my Arms,
I am sure of a Couple of Hands full of Charms ;
But Honour (which you with such Fervour admire)
What 'tis I don't know, and I shall not enquire ;

Give

Give me Choice of the Two, which I'd gladly possess;
 Where I'm certain to fix you may easily guess ;
 Therefore lecture no more on these Subjects, dear
 Mother,
 I've resolv'd to have one, 'tis no Matter for to'ther.

*Occasion'd by a REPORT that Mr.
 BUTLER's Monument in West-
 minster-Abby, is to be remov'd, to
 make Room for One to be set up to
 the Memory of Mr. G A Y.*

ILL fated *Butler*, Living scarce had Bread,
 Hard Fortune still attends him tho' he's dead.
 To this immortal Poet's awful Dust,
 Did *Barber* raise a monumental Bust.
 But as no higher than two Yards 'twas rear'd,
 The Face was often Times with Filth besmear'd ;

This

This to redress did gen'rous Barber try
 'To raise a noble Building twice as high.
 But now still envious of a Man so great,
 They would once more his Monument translate.

Great *Hudibras* I'll undertake to say,
 Would never to *Mackheath* have given Way,
 Why should his Author then make Room for *Gay*? }

*On the Cures perform'd by the Dust
 of M. PARIS.*

FROM *France* there's transmitted abundance of News,
 Nor Wars swift Destructions alone we peruse,
 How *Poland* in Squabbles Elections dispute,
 And Man against Man, fight as Brute against Brute;
 But Cures in abundance without Grain of Physick,
 In Children the Chin-Cough, in Old-Ones the
 Phthysick;

How

How Lameness and Blindness, rank Ulcers and
Sores,

The rotten old Carcass of *Paris* restores.

Ye wanton young Nuns, then mark what I say,
To *Paris's* Grave for your Maidenheads pray,
For though they've been lost with some fav'rite
Fryar,

You'll be Virgins again, or the * *Journal's* a Lyar.

* Daily Journal.

The B I S H O P and the C L O W N.

A S O N G.

I.

AS the Bishop of *Saltsburgh* rode thro' a small
Town,
Though he was of an Order severe,
Yet (as among Papists its frequently known)
He was also a temporal Peer.

II. To

II.

To Day he puts on his Pontifical Garment,
 To Morrow Embroid'ry and Lace ;
 And who can pretend that there is any Harm in't
 If both he becomes with a Grace.

III.

Besides there is Policy in't as I live,
 (Since the Great are most subject to Sins)
 The Prelate has always a Power to forgive
 The Crimes of the reprobate Prince.

IV.

Here also another Advantage accrues,
 If his temporal Income is small,
 May keep up his State with his spiritual Dues,
 But now to go on with my Tale.

V.

With a gaudy Attendance and Equipage gay,
 In Silver Embroid'ry dress'd ;
 (For

(For then he appear'd in his ducal Array)

And not in the Garb of a Priest.

VI.

A merry old Peasant as thus he rode thro'
Observe'd him and sneer'd at his Grace,
The Bishop grew angry and fain wou'd know how
He presum'd thus to laugh in his Face.

VII.

Why, Sir, if the Cause of my Laughter you'd know,
Reply'd the waggish old Boor,
'Tis to see *Peter's* Heirs cut so tearing a Show,
When *Peter* himself dy'd so Poor.

VIII.

IX.

But to answer me once as you have been so civil,
 Pray answer one Question again,
 If the Duke for his Sins should be seiz'd by the Devil,
 Where would the good Bishop be then ?

*To a LADY, on her taxing her
 Suitor with defaming her.*

UNJUSTLY *Clio*, you accuse my Tongue,
 With doing of the nicest Virtue Wrong,
 By idle Babling, meanly to Defame,
 Your fair indelible unblemish'd Name ;
 You call it servile Agent in a Sin,
 Form'd by an Accessary hid within ;
 As if its open Treasons were in Part
 Abetted, by a proud rebellious Heart.
 Can you, your Reason partially deceive,
 To think 'twould speak what no Man will believe ?

To

To think, as Scandal should direct, 'twould move,
And injure the dear Frame of her I love.

As soon I might impose upon the Sight,
Perswade Mankind that beautious Day is Night,
That the faint Stars give Lustre to the Moon,
Or *Luna* lends her Light to *Sol* at Noon ;
That all the genial Warmth the Sun displays
Is only owing to his borrow'd Rays.
That *Greenland* Shores are hot as *Lybia*'s Sands,
And *Indian* cold unhospitable Lands ;
That I could all Omnipotence deny,
When worshiping a Fav'rite Deity.

Was the whole Business of my Life design'd
To scrutinize the Breasts of all Mankind,
To search what Crimes through ev'ry Current run,
And tax those Men with Vices who have none ;
To Make on each fair Fav'rit's Fame a Rape,
Nor let the Rigorous Reserv'd escape ;

Your Name unhurt, would live to mock the Pain,
 And render my Attempt severely vain ;
 Slander it self, the Minister of Spite,
 Who censures undistinguish'd Wrong and Right ;
 Would to its purpos'd Progress find a Bar
 Unable to offend your Character.

To a LADY who had a stinking Breath.

I.

WHEN from your Lips sometime ago
 A hasty Kiss I took,
 I was rewarded with a Blow,
 My Ear still feels the Stroke.

II.

Yet if too small you think the Pain
 I suffer'd for the Bliss,
 Why *Calia* bid me come again,
 And take a second Kiss.

* *A PROLOGUE intended to have been Spoken at the Opening of the Hay-Market Play-House, by the REVELLERS.*

NOW the Town Talk consists of th' Disasters
Which part your Servants from their Quon-

dam Masters ;

Each passes Sentence, as Affection places ;
And some condemn, before they know our Cases :
By wide Opinions, held at Variance long,
Few can determine, who is Right, or Wrong.

If Wealth intitles the Unskill'd to fit
Like giddy Pilots at the Helm of Wit ;
If from our Laws, we're taught to understand,
He buys the Husbandman, who buys the Land ;
If to be second (as Desert is curs't)
Can plead no Title to succeed the First ;

If

If it a base ignoble Action be,
 In burthen'd Souls to labour to be free,
 We'll frankly own to our eternal Shame,
 This rash Attempt has render'd us too blame.
 But if no Claim, by Lawful Purchase, craves
 The first Lord's Servants as the second's Slaves.
 If Merit founded on it self relies ;
 If Men by due Gradation ought to rise ;
 If it be base to sweat beneath the Yoke,
 When Freedom does a *Brittish* Soul provoke ;
 If none the Service of a Master chuse,
 Who buys the Implements he cannot use ;
 We hope you'll all their mean Suggestions slight,
 And, joyn'd with us, believe us in the Right.
 'Tis you we make the Judges of our Cause,
 Depending on your Censure, or Applause :
 With willing Minds we to your Sanction fly,
 Resolv'd on your Indulgence to rely.

But

But chiefly to the Fair our Suit we move,
 You'd have all free, except the Slaves of Love ;
 Your gentle Smiles, thus far your Souls have Shown,
 Mankind must wear no Fetters but your own.
 Banish'd from thence, where oft' the melting Scene
 And comic Part, have your Diversion been :
 We hope, in this small Circle you'll appear,
 To let us reap a golden Harvest here ;
 Encourage those, who study your Delight,
 Attract the Beaus and crowd us every Night :
 'Till Time to come restore us once again,
 Unto your fav'rite Seat at *Drury-Lane.*

* PROLOGUE to the TRAGEDY
 of Chrononhotonthologos.

TO Night our comic Muse the Buskin wears,
 And gives her self no small Romantick Airs ;
 Struts in Heroics, and in pompous Verse,
 Does the minutest Incidents rehearse ; In

In Ridicules strict Retrospect displays
 The Poetafters of these modern Days.
 When the big bellowing Bombast rends our Ears,
 Which strip't of Sound quite void of Sense appears,
 Or when the fiddle faddle Numbers flow
 Serenely dull, elaborately low.
 Either extream, when vain Pretenders take,
 The Actor suffers, for the Author's Sake ;
 The quite tir'd Audience lose whole Hours, yet
 pay
 To go Unpleas'd and unimprov'd away.

This being our Scheme we hope you will excuse
 The wild Excursions of the wanton Muse,
 Who out of Frolick wears a mimick Mask
 And sets her self so whimsical a Task :
 'Tis meant to please, but if it should offend
 It's very short, and soon will have an End.

* *To*

* *To a young LADY who visited me in the Spring and left me in the Winter.*

By a young LADY, being her second Attempt.

AT your Approach, Nature her self looks glad,
And in her fairest Dress, herself has clad.
For your Delight, dear Nymph, each happy Grove,
And Shade, prepare fresh Scenes of Joy and Love.
Each verdant Field its richest Livery wears,
In gayest Splendor each its Joy declares.
The winged Warblers of the Grove combine,
To welcome thee ; they all in Concert join ;
In sweetest Strains they chaunt their Joy aloud,
In different Notes, reply the bleating Crowd.
Each purling Brook, that softly glides along,
In gentlest Murmurs, dances to the Song.
Each Meadow, with Variety of Sweets,
And brightest Flow'rs, your glad Arrival meets.

Q

In

In Beauty's richest Stores, to please your Eye

Each strives, nor hopes a nobler Destiny

Than in fair Garlands, on your Brow to die.

Beasts, Birds, and Trees, all try with equal Fire,

Which most shall thee delight, which most admire.

But now ; each Field puts on a dying Hue,

And each delightful Scene, is fled with you.

Mourn, Mourn ! ye Shades, Mourn ye forsaken

Plains !

Where *Silvia* once, now, nought but Sorrow reigns.

Old *Winter* now its fable Mourning wears

And each chang'd Scene the Face of Sadness bears.

O'erspread with Grief the gloomy Heavens lour,

And weep thy Absence in a silver Shower.

Phæbus as usual, rose, and missing you,

Makes greater haste his Journey to pursue,

And to these mournful Regions bids adieu.

The tuneful Choir, now cease their wonted Notes,
 They stretch alas ! no more their little Throats ;
 No more they strive in soft melodious Strains,
 T'enliven these once lov'd, once happy Plains.
 No more, glad Zephirs wanton oe'r the Vales,
 In cooling Breezes and refreshing Gales,
 No more, gay Flow'rs the verdant Field adorn,
 But all with heads reclin'd in silent Sorrow mourn.
 Haste then, dear Nymph, that blest with thy Return,
 These Groves thy Absence may no longer mourn.
 So shall each Mead again look fresh and fair,
 And even Winter smile when thou art here —



* *To Mr. POYNTZ, occasion'd by a late POEM from Lord H---Y to Mr. POYNTZ, with Dr. SECKER's Sermon on Education.*

by Mr. H. L.

SA F E, in thy *H-y Poyntz!* content remain,
Nor ask to speak thy Praise an abler Pen,
A Friend to learning, and to Friendship true,
He only gives thee, what he knows thy due :
Thy just Deserts impartially he weighs,
And nicely gives (unmixt with Flatt'ry) Praise.

In ev'ry antient Author deeply read,
Well, under thee, thy Royal Charge is bred,
By certain Precepts, you his Heart engage }
The Peace to purchase, or the War to wage,
(The promis'd Blessing of a future Age !) }
But there remains a weightier Task behind,
T'imprint strict Virtue in his tender Mind ;

Watchful

Watchful, each Motion warily to scan,
 Least in the Prince, he shou'd forget the Man ;
 Of a Supreme, let him still live in Awe,
 Nor ridicule Religion's sacred Law :
 Like the Free-thinker, let him never be.
 The witty Scoffer at Divinity !
 To call in Question his great Maker's Will,
 And urge false Arguments, the Gloss of ill !
 Live in Defiance of a vengeful God,
 And forfeit all his Reason for a Mode ;
 But in Religion still do you confide,
 Be that your first grand Maxim, only Guide ;
 On that Foundation build your ev'ry Scheme,
 As *Secker* copies you, — you copy him.



To

To M O L L Y.

I.

FOR once, dear *Molly*, lay aside
 Your fickle Foolishness and Pride,
 And hear your Faults arraign'd ;
 'Tis not the Air you now put on
 Can make Men think her meant for one
 Who Numbers entertain'd

II.

Long Time poor *Frank* was well receiv'd,
 His Oaths were willingly believ'd,
 And you a Smile would grant ;
 But you were by none else address'd
 And 'twas repugnant to your Rest,
 To want a brisk Gallant.

III.

Now has another's Lyes and Lace
 Found with much Ease a better Grace,

Than

Than his true Passion cou'd ;
 But 'tis a Maxim with the Wise,
 That what Delights a Woman's Eyes
 Is sure to fire her Blood.

IV.

Yet *Molly* your new Lover may
 Spight of your boasted Beauty play,

Perhaps a scurvy Prank ;
 When he does on your Bosom swear,
 He is as like to be sincere,
 As you have been to *Frank*.

V.

You've wisely kept one at your Lure,
 To make another more secure ;

To him you may'nt be true ;
 And tho' you now are all his Care,
 He too may love another Fair,
 And be as false as you.

On

On LOVE at First Sight.

HOW comes it that so short a Gaze
 Set *Jockey's* Heart in such a Blaze ?
 Is it because his *Suky* boasts,
 A brighter Eye than other *Toasts* ?
 A brighter Eye ! alas ! alas !
 Poor Fellow, you mistake the Case ;
 The *Sals*, poor *Jack*, has undergone,
 Has drawn the Juice from Flesh and Bone ;
 And now the Rotten worn-out-Rake
 Is Just like Tinder, touch and take.

To the LAUREAT.

COLLET Despise the Worlds dispraise,
 Since thou deserv'st and wear'st the Bays ;
 No Man was e'er accounted wise,
 That did a Blockhead satirize ;

(For

(For who by Reason can perswade him,) T

To alter from what Nature made him ? T

Some say, had *Bavius* been a Fool,

He'd ne'er been *Maro's* Ridicule.

Whence may be drawn this Inference

They to some Merit have Pretence,

Who're wrote against by Men of Sense. H

The Great, the Valiant, Learn'd, and Wise

Have always many Enemies ; L

But none than Poets have more Foes, A

All petty Scribblers will oppose

Great Bards, in Envy of their Fame, W

'Tis not their Follies to reclaim,

For often they're attach'd the most,

Who can the greatest Merit boast

Some did at *Dryden's* Writings rail ,

But all Mankind thy Odes assail,

Which plainly proves thy Merit is

By far, superior to his.

Then may'st thou say, when *Grub-street* bellows,
They're, (stap my Vitals) silly Fellows.

*By a young LADY in Excuse of her
Writing.*

I F any Critic shou'd with curious Eye
Some little Errors in this Piece descry,
To such, and only such I need appeal,
And thus my secret Sentiments reveal ;
Spare your rash Censures, do ye Criticks, dear,
You know the Needle is my proper Sphere.



On TIME.

IN an old Church, an antique Image stood,
 By some fam'd Artist, neatly carv'd in Wood;
 A crooked Scythe he held in his right Hand ;
 And in his left, an Hour-glass of Sand.
 Thither, how often had the neighb'ring Swains
 (Leaving their Flocks neglected in the Plains)
 To view and to admire the Image, stray'd,
 Before the Beauty of the Work decay'd?
 But now, grown old, alas ! it scarcely stands ;
 Scarcely it holds the Emblems in it's Hands.
 Vain Man ! forbear, to hope for length of Days,
 Since even Time itself, in time, decays.



Extempore LINES on some PICTURES in a
Gentleman's Bed-Chamber.

HERE, leaning on his Club, *Alcides* stands:
Here *Jupiter* his fork'y Light'ning brands:
Here, arm'd in Steel, behold War's dreadful God:
Here, winged *Hermes*, with his snaky Rod.

Then think no more, by heavenly Vengeance
hurl'd,

To *Hell*— the Heathen Gods have left the
World;

Those Gods, who once presidèd o'er the Skies,
Are only worship'd now where *D—y* lies.

How then can *D—y* leave the Paths of Truth,
When Gods themselves protect the pious Youth;
And, that all virtuous Deeds his Life may crown,
Behold his rising up, and lying down?



The

*The Forward Sinners: Or, The Devil
saved trouble.*

IF the Jews were a People by God himself blest,
And yet frequently some were with Devils
possest:

How comes it, we Christians are free from that
Evil?

Where now do you find one possest with a Devil?

ANSWER.

Then, Sinners were few, and when-e'er he cou'd
catch 'em,

Old *Nick* took the pains to come hither to fetch
'em.

But so many now are to Wickedness fell,
That they go of themselves, without fetching,
to Hell.



SONG.

After the Manner of MOLLY MOG.

NO T the Sot for his Beer,
 Not the Hound for the Deer,
 Not the Hero so pants for the Battle ;
 As I for a Kiss,
 Or the exquisite Bliss
 Of enjoying my sweet *Molly Cattel.*

II.

For her Lips are more red,
 Than the Rose when full spread,
 Than the Cherry, or Turkey-Cock's Wattle ;
 No Jett can compare
 With the shining black Hair
 Of my charming, my sweet *Molly Cattel.*

III.

Were I ever so great,
 With an ample Estate,
 I'd part with each Good, and each Chattel,

To lie in the Arms,
And indulge in the Charms
Of my dear, of my sweet *Molly Cattel.*

IV.

Beyond Eloquence far
Of the Senate, or Bar,
I prefer the soft innocent Prattle,
Mixt with the Delight,
I enjoy in the sight
Of my beautiful, sweet *Molly Cattel.*

V.

Though the Laws of the Nation,
Forbid Fornication ;
And against it the Priest too does twattle :
I care not a Straw,
For the Priest, or the Law,
So I kiss but my sweet *Molly Cattel.*

VI.

Not the Miser, with Pelf,
Nor the Fop, with himself ;
Nor the Infant's so pleas'd with a Rattle ; As

As I, when I rest
 On the snowy white Breast,
 Of my delicate sweet *Molly Cattel.*

VII.

Not the Parson so vext,
 At forgetting his Text ;
 Nor the Surgeon, at losing his Spattle ;
 As I, when I find
 A Look, that's unkind,
 From my frowning, though sweet *Molly Cattel.*

VIII.

The Delights of the Gay,
 Are the Park and the Play ;
 The Delight of the Gossips, to tattle :
 But all that I prize,
 Is to lie down and rise,
 And be ever with sweet *Molly Cattel.*



To

To CALEB D'ANVERS Esq;

Cease, CALEB, cease — in milder Terms re-
buke;

Or all the Failings of the Youth o'erlook.

Forgive poor *Walsingham*, for Pity's sake ;

Think — with his Wit, his Pension lies at stake.

True, as to please he aims, he gives Offence,

And strives to purchase Fame, at your Expence.

Own, your Revenge is with his Senses fled;

Let him remain unanswer'd, as unread.

But, hold, I'd ask from whence your Rage can flow?

Can Satire feed upon a Theme so low?

Can keen-edg'd Wit, with his dull Meanings, clash,

Whose just Reward shou'd be the Hangman's Lash?

The Law, who places Perjury on high,

Distinguish'd as the Mark of Infamy,

Design'd the guilty Wretch to stand unhurt,

'Tis the rude Mob bespatter him with Dirt :

For

For 'tis beneath the Man, whom Reason cools,
To gybe at Felons, or reflect on Fools.

On DELIA'S Absence.

O H happy, blest *Saturnian* Times ! tho' past,
Yet in Remembrance ye shall ever last :
Fancy the dear Idea shall retain ;
The dear Idea shall relieve my Pain.
Methinks, again where Silver *Iris* strays,
I tune my Voice, and sing my *Delia's* Praise.
Methinks, again o'er flow'ry Fields I walk,
And hold — and see — and hear my *Delia* talk :
Whiilst (as before) each other's Hand is join'd ;
And (oh transporting Thought) each other's Mind.
Oft sunny Hills, we chose ; oft shady Groves ;
The same our Haunts, the same our mutual Loves :
Oft wou'd the Morning Sunshine glad our Sight ;
Oft wou'd the cooler Ev'ning Breeze delight :
But *Delia* gone — nor Hills, nor Groves cou'd please ;
Nor Morning Sunshine, nor cool Ev'ning Breeze.

Thus,

Thus, in each other's Love compleatly blest,
 Nought did perplex us, nought our Joys molest :
 Hour roll'd on Hour, and Day succeeded Day ;
 How sweet ! how blissful ! but how short their Stay !

*To a PAINTER, on a PICTURE of his
 R—— H——*

THOU (most unlike him) hast, with manly
 Force,
 Painted the P——'s Features strong and coarse.
 Whoever would his Likeness truly trace,
 Must show his native Softness in his Face.

An EPIGRAM.

IF (as the Scripture, in plain Terms, records)
 We must account for all our idle Words ;
 How will the Lawyers answer when they come
 At the last Judgment, to receive their Doom ?

T

For

For all their needless long Tau-to-lo-gies
 Will then, as Evidence, against 'em rise.

*The LAUREAT'S Epistle to Mademoiselle
 S A L L E.*

WHEN on the Stage, with graceful Air,
 Your tender pliant Limbs you move,
 Each heedless Gazer you ensnare,
 Each heedless Gazer owns the Power of Love.

From Place to Place, they restless rove,
 Uncertain where to fly for Ease ;
 Nor sunny Hill, nor shady Grove,
 Nor Streams with soothing Melody can please.

E'en I, whose Brows the Laurels bind,
 From which the frightened Light'ning flies,
 No Safety in the Wreath can find,
 Scorch'd by the Light'ning of your brighter Eyes.

The

The POPISH PRIEST and the DEVIL.

A Popish Priest, whose Superstition
 Doom'd all but Papists to Perdition ;
 Who held that all would sharc Damnation,
 Who credit not Transubstantiation ;
 Is taken ill, despairs, and dies,
 His Soul to Hell descending flies.
 When there arriv'd — he knocks aloud,
 And claims Admittance of the Croud.
 Who's there ! a dapper Devil cries.
 A Popish Priest ! — the Ghost replies.
 A Popish Priest ! (returns the Devil)
 Pardon me, Sir, if I'm uncivil :
 But, Rev'rend Doctor, let me tell ye,
 We've nothing here to feast your Belly.
 On Earth you cou'd not live on Meat,
 But, Glutton-like, your God must eat.
 What ! eat thy God, rapacious *Boll* !
 Why — thou woud'st eat the Devil and all !

A RANT.

D AMN the dull Fools who're always whining,
 And for a simple Mistress pining ;
 Drilling soft Madregals and Ditties,
 To *Chloes*, *Phillis's*, and *Kitties*,
 And are in Rhime so wond'rous civil,
 To make an Angel of a Devil ;
 Persuading a poor sinful Woman,
 She is so fair, she's fit for — no Man ;
 That grouling Mortals should adore her,
 And *Jove* alone is fit to whore her ;
 In Rapture cry how bright her Face is !
 Epitome of all the Graces !
 Her Skin the Lilly can't be whiter ;
 Her Eyes ! ye Gods ! the Sun's not brighter ;
 Her Lips ! oh ! they're as red as Roses,
 And Heaven her naked Breast discloses ;
 Her slender Waist, a Shape so taper,
 'Twou'd even make a Hermit caper,

Altho'

Altho' the fancy'd Charms they praise
 Are owing all to Paint and Stays ;
 For those Additions from her taken,
 Wou'd shew the Rhimers they're mistaken ;
 And from that Goddess fit for no Man,
 She'd dwindle down to simple Woman.
 But deify'd in sweetest Diction,
 They fall in love with their own Fiction.

Thus *Indians*, as our Sailors tell us,
 (For *Indians* are poor simple Fellows)
 Their fond Fanaticism to please,
 Will deify old Stumps of Trees ;
 First dress them up with every gay thing,
 As smart as little Miss's Play-thing ;
 Then lay the pageant Gods before 'em,
 And, trembling, on their Knees adore 'em.
 But, hang 'em, and their Love-sick Cant,
 Dull Worshippers of Patch and Paint ;
 That they may all be curst enough,
 For scribbling such insipid Stuff ;

Still

Still may their Goddesses despise
 Their *Lyric* Offering, flattering Lyes,
 And bake 'em under *Christmas* Pyes ;
 Or use them as it seems most fitting,
 To wipe their — after sh——g.

Whilst my aspiring grateful Muse,
 A nobler, loftier Theme pursues.
 Wine ! Wine ! immortal Wine she sings,
 Wine that inspires and makes us Kings.
 Gods ! 'tis a Subject fit for *Milton*,
 A greater far, than *Homer* built on.
 Are *Celia's* Eyes, or *Chloe's* Graces,
 To be compar'd to flowing Glasses ?
 Such little Toys are only fit
 To exercise *Keyberian* Wit.
Bacchus, to thee alone I'll bow ;
 Oh ! *Bacchus* ! what a God art thou !
 What Joy thy genial Juice dispenses !
 It animates the drooping Senses ;

And even wrinkled Age inspires
 With vigorous Heat, and youthful Fires ;
 Helps us to bear the Ills of Life,
 The empty Purse and scolding Wife.

Oh ! waft me to some great Man's Cellar,
 Where with rich Wines the Hogsheads full are,
 Secure from Strife, from Noise, from Care ;
 What Pleasure shall I meet with there !
 Eternally I'll sing of Wine,
 And drink myself, like *Thee*, Divine.

The FLEA of TASTE.

A FABLE, in Imitation of *GAY*.

By Mr. H. L.

HOW vain is Man, with Reason born !
 He looks on all the World with Scorn ;
 For, partial to himself alone,
 He sees no Merit but his own ;

Reason

Reason (that Beam of radiant Light)
 Heav'n gave to pierce the Vale of Night,
 To guide our Steps, and shew the Way
 That leads to endless Tracts of Day ;
 But Man (long practis'd in Abuse)
 Converts it to another Use,
 Till (Glow-worm like) it cheats his Care,
 And hurries him he knows not where.
 Proud Man ! search Nature, and you'll see
 An Insect's happier far than thee.

It happen'd on a Winter's Day,
Cordelia (innocently gay)
 Went forth to spend an Hour or two,
 With some choice Friends, (an happy few)
 'Twas then, her Eyes new Lustre took,
 And Love lay latent in each Look ;
 Collected in her Charms she mov'd,
 Who saw her, lik'd ; who lik'd her, lov'd.
 Her Darts, unerring, flew around,
 And ev'ry Heart confess'd the Wound ;

So sweet her Converse was, (some say)
 'Twas Night before they miss'd the Day.
 As thus the chearful Minutes flew,
 A pamper'd Flea appear'd in view,
 That long had rang'd about the Town,
 Joint-Tenant of the tatter'd Gown ;
 And had but lately, as it seems,
 (For Fleas too sometimes have their Whims)
 Conceiv'd a Maggot in his Mind,
 For once, to differ from his Kind ;
 Forsake their darling Dirt, and try
 The Sweetness of Variety.
 By Chance, or Choice, I will not say,
 But, certain 'tis, he took his Way
 Directly towards *Cordelia's* Hand,
 There pertly perch'd, and took his Stand,
 Where (wrapt in Softness as he lay)
 He said, (or else he seem'd to say)
 Man may the *nobler* Creature be,
 But who is half so bless'd as me !

My Joy no Interruption meets,
 I banquet in *Cordelia's* Sweets ;
 Feast richly on the luscious Food,
 And glut me with the sweetest Blood ;
 Her choicest Hoards of Charms I taste,
 And riot in the rich Repaste.

With so much Warmth I meet my Bliss,
 I leave the Print of ev'ry Kiss ;
 Which Kisses, as I please I give,
 Without the Form of asking Leave.
 Laws can have no effect on me,
 My Will is my Authority ;
 As long as any of us live,
 This is the Flea's Prerogative.

Cordelia finish'd here the Strife,
 And sooth'd her Anguish with his Life :
 Still boasting, he resign'd his Breath,
 And said, I'm envy'd ev'n in Death.



The HERN. A FABLE.

A Hern, more malapert than wise,
 With Beak and Neck of Crane-like Size,
 And Spindle-shank'd, with wond'rous Pride,
 Was coasting by a River's Side ;
 The Waters so transparent flow'd,
 That *Phœbus* in the Mirror glow'd.
 The Carps and Pikes, in sportive Mood,
 So wanton'd in the crystal Flood,
 So near him, heedless, did they play,
 He need but stoop, and seize his Prey ;
 Better, thought he, with haughty Mien,
 To stay till Appetite is keen :
 So, with a proud disdainful Eye,
 He let them pass neglected by.
 His Stomach quickly after shew'd
 It wanted necessary Food ;
 So to the Stream again he goes,
 With slimy Tench the River flows.

Then, having somewhat paus'd a while,
 Cries he, with supercilious Smile,
 " Such homely Fare! What! Tench for me!
 " A Hern eat Tench! It ne'er shall be."
 Refus'd, away strait swam the Game;
 And then a Shoal of Gudgeons came.
 " What! shall a Hern on Gudgeons dine!
 " That really wou'd be very fine;
 " I stoop to such a low Repast!
 " No! I wou'd sooner chuse to fast."
 In short, the Fish did all depart,
 And, he being hungry at his heart,
 Was glad, at last, lest that shou'd fail,
 To snap at a poor hapless Snail.

The Moral of this Fable shows,
 The Folly of your too nice Beaus;
 The most conforming are the Wise;
 Your Fools will ev'ry thing despise.
 Who thinks he ne'er can have too much,
 Fortune will oft elude his Touch.

Too many (like the Hern) are caught,
 (Too dear Experience may be bought.)
 The Hern alone I do not sing,
 Another from yourselves I spring.

A Nymph of the coquettish Train,
 Not mighty wise, tho' mighty vain,
 A Husband wanted to her mind,
 Handsome, agreeable, and kind ;
 No Rake, no Beau, no Humdrum old,
 Nor one too fond, nor one too cold ;
 A Youth, a Wit well-born, well-bred,
 Most wond'rous rich, and greatly read.
 In short, nay more than Man, can be
 An Angel in Epitome.
 Fate was resolv'd to do her Duty
 T'wards this unreasonable Beauty.
 So Statesmen, Lords, (a worthy Croud !)
 Their Ardour to the Nymph avow'd ;

But

But these she thought, by much, too mean ;
 So scoff'd, and said, o'er-fraught with Spleen,
 " These Men for me ! these Fellows here !
 " I fancy they're upon their Jeer." more to follow

Thus went she in her Mimic Style,
 " Lord help 'em, how they make me smile !"
 A thousand Faults the Fair-one found ;
 My Lord was not enough renown'd ;
 Sir *Bob* was gouty, and Sir *Will*,
 His Tongue, like hers, wou'd ne'er stand still :
 The Col'nel had too flat a Nose ;
 The Duke's a Sloven in his Clothes ;
 One had a Pimple, this and that ;
 In short, it was — the Lord knows what.

These, thus refus'd, away depart,
 And now rich Cits attack her Heart ;
 " Really, *says she*, 'tis wond'rous fit,
 " For me to wed a wealthy Cit ;
 " All Day behind a Counter stare,
 " 'Twill suit my Person to a hair ;

" I who have scorn'd their Bett'rs so,
 " Will e'en scorn them, and let 'em go.
 " 'Tis full Moon, sure, if I can tell;
 " They think I shall lead Apes in Hell;
 " But, Heav'n be prais'd, I need not weep,
 " 'Tis true I lie alone, yet — sleep."

Thus she indulg'd her own Conceit;
 How obstinate's a Female-Wit!
 For Age approach'd with hideous View,
 All Lovers bid, at once, adieu.
 One Year is past, another's near,
 Wrinkles and Baldness in the Rear.
 She feels the Approaches of Decay,
 Some Beauty fading ev'ry Day;
 She frets, she fumes, she storms a-main,
 But frets, and fumes, and storms in vain;
 A ruin'd House may be repair'd,
 But Beauty to repair's too hard.
 So now her Niceness fled, her Glass
 Advis'd the monumental Mass

To

To snap at the first friendly Offer,
 Nor vainly slight with Scorn the Proffer.
 She thought the Counsel mighty good,
 And being in a loving Mood,
 She wedded (lest her Man shou'd fail her)
 An ugly, empty, dwarfish Taylor.

*From a YOUNG LADY, to her LOVER
 who was going to Sea.*

An EPIGRAM.

FAREWEL! dear Swain, let neither Seas nor Wind
 Swell like the Eyes and Hearts you leave behind;
 Let no bold Billow venture to arise
 With fond Desire, to gaze upon those Eyes;
 Lest Winds and Waves, enamour'd of thy Form,
 Should rise, and croud themselves into a Storm.

His ANSWER.

My dearest *Celia* ! further Griefs forbear,
 Nor let my Safety be too much thy Care ;
 Nor roaring Winds I fear, nor raging Seas ;
 For when an Angel prays, the Storm must cease.
 But yet, a Ruin threatens still my Heart ;
 You cannot save me—for 'tis Death to part.

* *On a LADY, just marry'd to a Clergyman.*

An EPIGRAM.

I Can't but confess,
 'Tis a heavy Distress,
Amelia has heap'd on her Head ;
 As a Clergyman's Wife,
 She'll be *Priest-rid* for Life,
 And *Priest-rid* too after he's dead.

To M O P S A.

LONG time I kept my Heart secure
 From Love, and ev'ry fatal Lure ;
 No pleasing *Girl*, no wanton *Dame*,
 Cou'd ever then excite a Flame.
 From *Fair* to *Fair*, I us'd to range,
 And found no pleasure, but in change :
 But soon as e'er I Thee survey'd,
 In all thy matchless Charms array'd,
 Astonish'd, at the Sight, I grew,
 While Heav'n seem'd op'ning to my View.
 Those *Eyes*, my first Observance claim'd ;
 Those *Eyes*, for lifeless Look, so fam'd ;
 That *shapeless* Shape, that *artless* Air,
 Were other Motives then of Fear.
 Prudent a while, I ceas'd to gaze ;
 (*A Spark may kindle to a Blaze*)
 But too deep Root, Love's Dart had ta'en ;
 To quit the Place, I strove in vain.

Though *Reason* pleaded 'gainst Delay ;
 Yet stronger *Love* inforc'd my stay.
 Again I look'd ; again admir'd ;
 Each Feature — nay, each Motion fir'd.
 From far conspicuous, by its Size,
 Thy ruby *Nose* engag'd my Eyes ;
 Where Worms and Pimples, blended, made
 A fine Compound of *Black* and *Red*.
 Thence to thy *Lips* I did descend ;
 But, say, What *Mortal* can pretend,
 In equal Numbers, to explain
 The thousand Charms those *Lips* contain ?
 Wide, as thy Mouth, the *Muse* must fly ;
 T' explore the *Sweets* which in it lie :
 O'er all thy Face such Beauty shines,
 There all that's *wonderful* combines.
 Still, with thy other Graces, vie
 Thy *Cheeks*, of deeper Scarlet Dye,
 Than setting *Phœbus*, when he fires the Sky.

No *Lillies* there, their Paleness spread ;
 The *Rose*, superior, glows with Red.
 Then, since, of Flowers, the *Rose* takes place,
 As first for Colour, and for Grace :
 Since red'ning *Blushes* Love inspire ;
 Long as you *blush*, we must admire.

An INVECTIVE against SATIRE.

In a *Dialogue* between a P O E T and
 his F R I E N D.

F R I E N D.

FOrbear, forbear, thy crabbed Style for once ;
 Nor make a Foe of ev'ry wealthy Dunce.
 The Wit's too gross, that's vain ; too mean the
 Plan,
 Which shows the Brute, when it can show the Man.
 To carp at Ills, may other Ills produce ;
 And the Abuse we censure, may abuse.

Satire's a trait'rous, and a dang'rous Tool,
 It kills its Author, while it wounds the Fool :
 It preys on Garbage, like the Carrion Crow ;
 And where it sought a Friend, it starts a Foe.

P O E T.

What shall I see, rash Man, with Reason vain,
 Lord of the Earth, and Master of the Main,
 Unable his wild Passions to restrain ?

Pretend to rule (fond of Ambition's height)
 Yet know not how to stop his own mad Flight :
 Dispute, and argue, whether right or wrong,
 And e'en disown that Pow'r, from whence he sprung.
 Yet call for succour, from his righteous Throne,
 And plead his Merit, from the Wrongs he's done.
 This, can I coolly see, and quell my Gall ;
 And when thus urg'd, be not satirical ?

F R I E N D.

Errors, in all Men, reign ; yet all possess
 Their Virtues too ; some more, I grant, some less.

Man's

Man's but a Garden in Epitome,
 Where Flowers and Weeds promiscuously we see:
 In which, suppose some Traveller should stray,
 And cull the foulest Rubbish in his way,
 A Nosegay thence collect, with curious pains ;
 Wou'd not you think that Trav'ler wanted Brains?
 At least, I'm sure, his Fancy's dull, you'd cry,
 To chuse Deformity, when Beauty's nigh,
 Such are the Nosegays, Satirists compose,
 And Faults the Weeds, with so much Labour chose.
 While Virtue, like the Flow'r, neglected lies,
 And droops its Head, and sheds its Leaves, and dies.

P O E T.

Then shall I see presumptuous Fools bear sway,
 And lord it over Wisdom's brighter Ray :
 Nor dare to write, for fear my Lord should frown ;
 But coolly view the Vices of the Town.
 Where Truth and Honour, both are put to flight,
 And pow'rful Wrong, the better gets of Right :

Where

Where the chief Trade and Art, that's most in vogue,
 Is who shall claim the Title of a Rogue:
 Where Friendship only is a specious Name,
 An Embryo Vapour of a dying Flame.
 For Man's chief Prey is Man ; not so we find,
 The Brute Creation in their various kind.
 Wolves cherish Wolves ; and Bears will Bears defend ;
 The Lion to the Lion is a Friend.
 They have no Jilt, nor false deluding Fair,
 Nor Bigot, nor a Libertine is there.
 But Man has all ; he's now a Rake, a Sot ,
 A Zealot now ; and now the Lord knows what :
 A Foe to all, scarce to himself a Friend,
 His own Tormentor to his very end.
 Dogs fawn ; Man flatters, kills you with his Smiles ;
 And when he seems most pleasant, most beguiles.
 But Brute to Brute's a generous open Foe ;
 Such servile Feats they scorn, or will not know.

Learn, Man! from them, who acts, or who disputes

Against his Reason, is the worst of Brutes.

F R I E N D.

The Mirror that betrays our Faults to sight,
 When constant shown, must constantly affright.
 Few seek their own Deformities to know,
 For Man to his reflecting Part's a Foe.
 A dull Elogium is with ease forgot,
 And Time and Worms th' insipid Nonsense rot.
 These are its only Foes ; but Satire's Strain
 Rouses Revenge, where'er it leaves a Stain :
 Tries from Oblivion former Crimes to save,
 Nor lets one Folly sleep within its Grave.

P O E T.

So must I rest unmov'd, and patient bear,
 The greatest Fool to think, he's Wisdom's Heir :

Or the hot Madman, in his airy Scheme,
 A hotter Madman his next Neighbour deem.
 The Pedant (drunk with Learning's mighty Store,
 Lost in his *Greek*, but in his *Latin* more)
Verbatim, all the Clasicks has by rote ;
 And, Line by Line, translates without a Thought :
 Thinks, by his Book, the Man alone is made,
 And Sense is Folly, without *Plato's* Aid.
 The empty Fop believes, all Wisdom lies
 In his embroider'd Clothes, and *Celia's* Eyes.
 In Park, or Court, a Pension, or a Place,
 In gewgaw Titles, as in — “ Please your Grace ; ”
 Or, “ Please your Honour — tho' his Honour's base.
 Learning, with him, is look'd upon as dull ;
 And ev'ry Scholar, a pedantic Fool.
Latin and *Greek*, meer idle trifling Toys,
 And Grammar, as unworthy all, but Boys ;
 Thinks all are Fools, his Notions to despise,
 And only who persue his Maxims wise.

The Rake, in Brothels, fixes Wisdom's Seat,
 In Wine and Whores; and, being a Profligate :
 Laughs at the formal Parson's bugbear Word,
 And holds a future State to be absurd.
 A Zealot, is a Lunatick, he cries ;
 An Atheist only is polite and wise.
 The Prodigal laughs at the Miser's Scheme ;
 Yet runs more wide in the reverse Extream.
 While thus the Miser speaks his fav'rite Son ;
 And this the Lesson he wou'd have him con.
 Observe me well ; a Parent's Counsel take ;
 The Parent's Pleasure, in his Son's, at stake.
 Of Int'rests, learn to know the common Ground,
 And what is meant by Simple and Compound :
 Devoid of Pity, let thy Gold be lent,
 On no Condition, but at *Cent. per Cent.*
 Be cruel, base and false, to ev'ry Trust ;
 Be any thing for Int'rest — e'en be just :
 Feed on the Ruins of the Widow's Fate,
 And fatten on the Orphan's Trust-Estate.

From other Mens Misfortunes, Wisdom draw,
And get acquainted with each Quirk of Law.

The World regards not Man—— the Purse is all ;
Who has the most, the mighty Man we call.

He is the Scholar, without Grammar Rule,
A *Seneca*, tho' ne'er so great a Fool:

In him, Truth, Virtue, Grandeur, Honour shine,
And ev'ry thing, which Mortals term divine.

To him the Courtier bends, for him the Fair,
In am'rous Accents sighs her sweet Despair ;

Gold has a Charm, which Ugliness defies,
And Poverty's a Fiend, we all despise.

Therefore, cries he, this Treasure, my dear Son,
I've gain'd ; which, when I die, is all thy own.

To this the Miser bows ; in this he sees
Health, Truth, and Wisdom, Happiness and Ease :
His Wealth's his God, and either *India* Heaven ;
Yet still he starves amidst the Plenty given.

The graver Pedant calls the Fopling Fool ;
And back the Fop returns the Ridicule.

The Zealot swears, the rake-hell Atheist raves ;
 The Rake calls Zealots hypocritick Knaves.
 The Miser says, the Prodigal is mad ;
 The Prodigal, the Miser deems as bad.
 Then shall not I display just Satire's Glass ;—
 And let each see himself, the real Ass ?

F R I E N D.

What is thy Muse to Satire such a Friend,
 As even real Worth to discommend ?

P O E T.

Oh! no! —————

If thou can't find a Person worthy Praise,
 To him — My Muse shall dedicate her Lays :
 But, say, where is that Virtue to be found?
 It's Owner's Name, and Satire falls to ground.

F R I E N D.

What think'st thou then of *George* and *Caroline* ;
 In whom all Virtues, all the Graces shine ?

There's

There's a *Nassau* ; there's Royal *Anne* his Bride ;
And numbers more, whom I could name beside.

P O E T.

I've done — and Satire is no more — Such Worth,
Henceforth, gives joyful Panegyrick birth :
Henceforth, inspir'd, the Muse her Voice shall raise,
To *George's*, *Caroline's*, *Nassau's* and *Anna's* Praise.

The V I S I O N.

Silently musing on the Ills of Life,
With equal Caution, weighing Love and
Strife ;
O'ercome with Heat, the open Plain I flew,
And to a lonely Thicket's Side withdrew ;
Where not the *Hyacinth* or *Violet* blows,
But baleful *Hemlock*, with wild *Henbane* grows ;
Whose spreading Briers, with prickly Thorns unite,
Where solitary dwells the *Bird of Night* :

Where

Where hoary Witches Midnight Meetings make,
 And grizly Ghosts their nightly Wand'rings take.
 To this Retreat, well suited for Despair,
 Let the refus'd, and love-sick Maid, repair :
 Or the fond Youth, whose bleeding Heart has borne
 The Pangs, attendant on a Woman's Scorn.
 Here, let 'em come ; here mourn th' unkind Dis-
 dain,
 Regain their Freedom, or increase their Pain :
 For different Ends such lonely Shades create ;
 They'll either fix, or else retard your Fate.
 Thus did I sing, 'till the declining Sun,
 Withdrew his Beams from off the Horizon.
 While sable Night spread her dark Curtains round,
 And cast her gloomy Mantle o'er the Ground.
 But soon, the Silver Moon, with feeble Ray,
 Dispers'd the Clouds, and gave a second Day :
 Her glimmering Beams shone faintly thro' the
 Trees,
 Which gently nodded to the fanning Breeze.

When lo ! methought, all pale and ghastly stood,
 At some small distance, in the circling Wood,
 Fidelio's Shade ! — confounded and aghast,
 Fain would I fly ; Fear held my Footsteps fast :
 Fain would I call ; but on my faultring Tongue,
 Disjointed Words and broken Accents hung.
 Cold Sweat my Face and shivering Limbs o'erspread ;
 My Hair erecting, bristled on my Head.

At length returning Reason's pow'rful Sway
 Alarm'd my Mind, and wak'd the senseless Clay ;
 With recent Courage, all my Soul inspir'd,
 New strung my Nerves, and every Sinew fir'd.
 When I again, the fatal Place survey'd,
 Where lately stood, replete to Sight, the Shade :
 Where, still he stood, and beckoning seem'd to pray,
 That I would follow, where he led the Way.
 I did consent ; and o'er the matted Grass,
 And wither'd Leaves, and broken Boughs, we pass.
 At length, within a Grove, of mournful Yew,
 The airy Form my wand'ring Footsteps drew :

Then,

Then, smiling, turn'd his Farewell to prepare ;
Sunk from my Sight, and vanish'd into Air.

Just where he stood, a Marble Tomb I found,
Which noxious Weeds, and twining Ivy, bound
When, wildly, I the verdant Covering tore,
And wildly sought th' *Ænigma* to explore :
With searching Eyes, I try'd, and try'd again,
No kind Inscription would reward my pain.
Till *Cinthia's* Beams a brighter Lustre shed,
With heavy Heart these Characters I read :
Within this Tomb, commix'd with Kindred Dust,
Lie the Remains of all, that's good and just :
The mouldring Clay once bore FIDELIO's Name,
Unknown to Infamy, unknown to Shame.

At this, I cry'd, O ever constant Friend,
Belov'd *Fidelio*, now my Joys must end :
I shall no more the healthful Chace pursue ;
No more with thee brush o'er the Silver Dew ;
No more with thee, my usual Pastimes take ;
And rouse the foaming Boar put off the thorny Brake

Or, when our Country's Cause, our Arms demands,
 No more with thee pursue the hostile Bands.
 I shall no more thy kind Assistance have :
 O never ! never ! for the hungry Grave
 My Friend entombs. —————

Yet, e'er I go, thy sable Corse I'll fold,
 And print my friendly Kisses on thy Mould.

No sooner said, than I the Work begun,
 And tumbled down the huge and massy Stone ;
 Where, at full length, alas ! the breathless Clay,
 The cold Remains of truest Friendship lay.
 The Silver Moon, affrighted at the Sight,
 Drew in her Horns, and robb'd the Globe of Light.
 Loud blew the Winds, an hideous Storm came on,
 And bellowing Thunder thro' the Welkin run.
 The forked Light'ning gleem'd along the Plain ;
 Again, I stiffen'd with encreasing Pain.
 Doubting the Cause, why such Confusions rise ?
 And why such dreadful Tumults in the Skies ?

Now, rashly, I repent, the Action mourn,
And turn my Sight from off the silent Urn.

When, lo ! a Voice recall'd my banish'd Eyes,
In Words, like these, the mighty Meaning flies :
*Fear not, HORATIO, 'tis FIDELIO calls,
Intomb'd Fidelio, in these stony Walls.*
*Look, look again, and fleeting Life survey ;
Nor fly the Sight of what is nought but Clay.*
*Learn, daring Friend, my mouldring Corse behold,
How you, how all must be, as I am, cold !
With curious Eye observing, view my Fate ;
Let not what once you lov'd, be now your Hate.*

Turning my Eyes, again the Place I view,
While from my Forehead drop'd a baleful Dew.
Within the Tomb, a Silver Lamp there hung,
A sickly Flame from forth the Socket sprung ;
And liv'd by Starts, whose wavering feeble Light
Increas'd the Horror of the mournful Sight.
Stretch'd, at full length, the glorious Lover lay,
Of Life depriv'd, a heavy Lump of Clay.

Forth from the Sockets, where the Balls of Sight
 Once hung, but cover'd now with endless Night,
 Crept odious Worms ; corruptive Maggots bred,
 And gnaw'd the Flesh, which Beauty once o'erspread.

Fal'n was the Jaw ; and silent lay the Tongue,
 On which the Eloquence of Angels hung ;
 Still was the Heart, which, living, knew no Wrong.

I who before a coward Fear ne'er knew,
 From Dust alone, e'en my Friend's Dust, I flew ;
 And wand'ring on, beat an uncertain Way,
 Till kind *Aurora*, with her blushing Ray,
 Guided my Steps, and introduc'd the Day.
 The trembling Sight still hung upon my Thought,
 And those Ideas on my Fancy wrought.

No more *Fidelio's* Lips will *Celia* kiss,
 From whence the Fair has sipt nectarious Bliss.
 O could she see ! what Havock Death has made ;
 How much unlike *Fidelio* is his Shade !
 How would she then, as I do now, deplore
 The abject Carcass, that can please no more.

How, mourn that Beauty, she esteems so high,
 When Reason says, at Death's Approach, 'twill fly
 Could she thus think ! O then, the tempting Maid,
 Would fly the noisy Court, for some peace-breathing
 Shade ;

Ne'er toil away the Morning at her Glass ;
 Nor heed the Praises of a powder'd Ass.
 No White and Red, her Toilet would adorn ;
 What once she lov'd, would then become her Scorn ;
 In harmless Peace would spend her future Days,
 Amend her ill-spent Life, and sing *Jehovah's* Praise.
 Thus did I think, thus run her Follies o'er,
 And tax'd Mankind with thousand Frailties more.
 When, lo ! the drowsy God unveil'd my Sight,
 Waking, I found, I'd dreamt away the Night.



Like *Master*, like *Man* ; like *Mistress*,
like *Maid*.

VANE LLA, one day, as is currently said,
Caught her Maid with his H—'s Valet in Bed.

Oh! how she did storm, stamp, rave, roar and rattle,
And soon put an end to the amorous Battle.

Oh! you Strumpet, says she, get out of my Doors,
My Chamber shall ne'er be polluted by *Whores*.

Dear Ma'm, reply'd *B E T T Y*, your Passion allay,
We only make good, what the Proverb does say ;
For we thought, (or we ne'er had been caught at this
Game)

That you and his H—s were playing the same.

EPIGRAM

On a Female ROPE-DANCER.

WHilst in her Prime, and Bloom of Years,
Fair *Celia* trips the Rope ;

Al-

Alternately she moves our Fears ;

Alternately our Hope.

But when she sinks, or rises higher,

Or graceful does advance ;

We know not which we most admire,

The Dancer, or the Dance.

* E P I L O G U E

To the BLAZING COMET, &c.

Enter LADY FLAME.

O FT has the Town complain'd, of latter Days,
Of want of *Fire* and *Spirit*, in our Plays.
But sure they're now struck dumb—or I'm mistaken,
The *Blazing Comet* saves the Drama's Bacon.
Do we not answer the Dramatic Art,
In the most tender and essential Part ?
Are ye not piteous, and affrighted sad,
At sight of Man and Woman — both *stark mad* ?

Are not our Incidents on Hist'ry built ?
 Is not here Murder ? — Tho' no Blood is spilt.
 Does not a Hero Taylor love to Death,
 And bravely die for — Queen *Elizabeth* ?
 Poor Stitch ! — Now had he been a King — no
 doubt,
 That would cause Tears, *what* makes a Laughing-
 bout.
 Then, what can all the Clan of Poets write,
 That's not (for God's sake) in the Piece to-night ?
 Have we not *high-fown* Thoughts, as well as *they* ;
 Altho', perhaps, too near the *Milky-Way* ?
 Do not the Prose, the Music, and the Rhime,
 Exceed the common Notion of Sublime ?
 None of your modish, soft, lethargic Numbers,
 That most genteelly lull you into Slumbers !
 My Lord of *Wildfire's* Mercury will make ye ;
 Or, faith ! the Sense of Feeling must forsake.
 I vow, I'm glad to see a Restoration
 Of poor, long-drooping Vigour in the Nation.

Who

Who the duce likes a Lover in the Spleen?
 Or, who a Bard, whose Writings are not keen?
 Your Flegmatics, of any kind, are hateful ;
 A *Thing*, that has no *Life* in't — faugh! UNGRATE-
 FUL !

Thank Heaven !

Our Author's made up of such vigorous Stuff
 Of Writing — He will never have enough.
 And what's the Reason, think you ? — I'll unfold—
 Women, you know, can't long a Secret hold!
 Our Bard's a Maid ! — Or he is foul bely'd ;
 Not that I'd have you think, I ever try'd.

Enter LORD WILDFIRE.

Hold, Madam ; that's not fair — — 'tis odd to say,
 You never try'd — — after the Wedding-day !
 What will the Ladies think of this strange Story ?

LADY FLAME.

Nought truly, much redounding to your Glory.

[Ld Wildfire sighs, and looks pensive.

Nay, — nay —

Let

Let it not damp you, don't be melancholly !

LORD WILDFIRE.

Why, Madam, pray consider — thro' your Folly,
They'll take me for a Beau — or — for a Molly.

LADY FLAME.

— Oh ! but, my Lord ! I only play'd the rogue ;
So pray excuse, and end the Epilogue.

[Exit *Lady Flame*.]

LORD WILDFIRE.

In part, she's in the right — Authors should be
A little chaster — would they write like me.
Forgive, ye Belles ! who would the Muse enjoy,
And make her pregnant of a deathless Boy,
His whole united Spirits must employ.

Enter MESSENGER *hastily*; and *whispers*.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

Why, let him come — tremendous as he is.

[Exit *Messenger*.]

Our Lordship of *Wildfire* not dreads his Phiz.

A a

Ladies

Ladies and Gentlemen, indulge me pray,
 If for some Reasons I engage your Stay;
 You'll hear a very pleasant, odd Affair,
 A Minister of State is coming here,
 Parnassus' most industrious Plenipo,
 And 'twere worth while to see him e'er you go;
 We're told he makes a deadly flaming Show.
 But lo! the Bard! on *Pegasus* astride,
 With a whole Gang of Muses by his side.

Enter Mr. BAYS, on an Ass having Wings, attended by several ragged Women, and Drum and Trumpets; they proclaim him round the Stage. They sing.

AIR I. *O ponder well.*

Great *Nero* was a Laureat made
 By Drum and Trumpet's Sound;
 Our greater Son shall, by their Aid,
 The *British Bard* be crown'd.

Let

Let Criticks maul our darling Son,

He still shall wear the Bays;

For he the Crown of Glory 's won,

LD. WILD. —— By cobbling up old Plays.

Bless us, Squire *Bays* ! you ride in swinging State,
As if some Convict were to meet his Fate.

But, Man ! the Pardon's seal'd--you're come too late.

BAYS.

What ! I suppose, you think you've charm'd the
Town, Sir ?

LORD WILDFIRE.

All are in Raptures ! Not one single Frown, Sir !

BAYS.

Was e'er such Impudence ! (LD. WILDF.) O yes !
yourown, Sir,

BAYS.

Rat me ! A pleasant Fellow for pretending ;
T' exhibit aught — without my *just Amending*.

A a 2

LORD

LORD WILDFIRE.

O cry ye Mercy ! — your 're not pleas'd — and why?
Because you'd not a Finger in the Pye.

BAYS.

Do'st know the Consequence ? (LD. WILDF.) If I
guess right,

You'll grin, and shew your Teeth — but cannot bite.

BAYS.

Know, Sir, tho' Crouds protect your *Blazing Comet*,
In spite of them, my single Voice shall damn it.

Egregious Vanity ! good Jest, Egad,
To think, I'd like a Thing — (LD. WILDF.)

Unless 'twere bad.

BAYS.

Did I not tell you, Sir, it would not do ?

LORD WILDFIRE.

But pray, what *Judgment* comes from you ?

BAYS.

Split me ! to turn my *Judgment* into Sport !

Which passes current for *Sheer-Wit* at *Court* !

Here's

Here's not one Scrap of Humour, I can find.

LORD WILDFIRE.

That's cause the too great Lustre makes you blind;
Like Owls, you know, who cannot bear the Light,
And have no use of Opticks — but by Night.

BAYS.

Where lies your Scene? (LD. WILDF.) O! where
you cannot rise,

Beyond your Understanding — In the Skies!

BAYS.

Haft thou thy own *Outdoings* yet *outdone*?

LORD WILDFIRE.

I have, like you, of *Twenty* Plays made *One*.

BAYS.

Stap thy Vitals!

LORD WILDFIRE.

Come — Since you're in the mood of finding *Faults*,
Give us a Specimen of your fine Thoughts.

BAYS.

BAYS. — Well — I'll confound, and put thee out of pain,
By eight rich Lines! the Product of this Brain.
Hem! hem!

AIR II. *Green Sleeves.*

If one should find the *coming* Year
In Blessings to transcend the last ;
The Difference only will declare
The *present* sweeter, than the *past*.

Conclusion excellent! (L.D.WILD.)—As I should say,
The Weather's foulest — on a rainy Day.

BAYS.

T' illustrate Kingly Cares, again behold
A Thought allusive — worth its Weight in Gold.

Sings to the Tune of Bobbing Joan.

So brooding on her lonely Nest,
Aloft the Eagle wakes ;
Her due Delight forsakes,
Tho' Monarch of the Air confess.

When thou canst these outdo, then shalt thou be
Accounted equal, by the Nine, to *Me.*

LORD WILDFIRE.

Twill be extremely difficult, I swear!
They'll scarce be equal'd — till the *coming Year.*

But, Sir — .
The Female Eagle, I presume, you mean,
Above in Air, is either *King*, or *Queen* ;
Or — (BAYS) Or what pray?

In Eagle Government they don't exclude,
As by the *Salique Law*, — the Female Brood.

LORD WILDFIRE.

Most gloriously defin'd ! — — Sirs, you perceive,
Tis no small Privilege, some *Laureats* have :
They may be dull and eat, while other *Sinners*,
Shou'd they write so, wou'd write without their
Dinners.

But, Mr. BAYS, you shan't say, I find fault,
And not correct it by a better Thought ;

So mine's the Definition of a King, Sir,
Which, to be on a *Par* with you, I'll sing, Sir.

Sings.

A King's the Shadow of the Pow'rs above
Who can a Shadow chase,

A Hair's breadth from it's Place ;

Unless the Substance you can first remove?

Shouts behind.

But, hark ! the Town, sweet Sir, declares I've won;
So I insist, that you resign your Crown.

[*Offers to take it.*

BAYS.

Prithee stand off, do'st think I mind the Town?

No more, *ma foy* ! than I wou'd do a Bear;
So spite of them, I still the Bays shall wear.

Come, *Pegasus* — to shame these empty Boaster
Let's soar — now mind — we'll reach th'Ether
Coasts, Sirs!

[*Whips and spu*

Lo

WONFUL LORD WILDFIRE.

Pray Pity, Sirs — you see the Beast's quite jaded !
 Now wonder ! — the poor Thing's too heavy laded ;
 He fain wou'd go, but has not Pow'r, alas !
 Then take the Will — at best he's but an Ass.

BAYS.

Some Sack here ! [drinks] sure with this we'll
 mount aloft.

LORD WILDFIRE.

Tis that I fancy makes your Lines so soft ;
 Come, noble *Squire*, accept of my kind Lift,
 Whip for dear Life ! he'll never be more swift.

Go home, pray Sir — it's not your *Pegasus*,
 Nor all your Rabble-Rout can damage us.

He wou'd do better, were he better fed ;

You'll always be, the same made up of Brass and
 Lead. [*They thrust him off.*]

Yet I have one thing still to supplicate ;
 'Tis this bright Circle must decide my Fate.

Not such a Man as you have seen just now,
 Can give a *Tremor* of the *Nerves* — but you!
 He came to *damn*; but you, I hope, will *save*;
 To *save* is worthy of the *Fair* and *Brave*.
 Let me but, Ladies, gain my Point in this,
 I'll bid good-night, alert, transported with the *Bliss*.



The OLD MAN's Almanack.

HOW harshly cruel is the Fate
Attendant on the married State !

Since what shou'd bless the dear Restraint,
Is now the least consider'd Point :
And Riches act the Loadstone's Part,
In every Parent's sordid Heart.

Hence, Young Fifteen, with Sighs and Tears,
Is wed to sapless Fourscore Years.

Hence, the poor Maids, but half enjoy'd,
By their young airy Blades decoy'd,
Cornute old fumbling wrinkled Sires,
And Female Virtue hence expires.

'Twas *Prior's* way, that short and sweet,
Is the best way a Tale to treat:
To copy him, the Prologue's done :
So let us to the Story run.

Sir *Ralph*, a Judge in *Pisa's* Town,
Old, wealthy, and of great Renown,

Learned in ev'ry subtle Flaw,
 And *Innuendo* of the Law ;
 Resolv'd, tho' impotent, to wed
 Some juicy Lass, to bless his Bed.
 For he, alas ! was very old,
 And often subject to a Cold ;
 And therefore judg'd a young Miss best,
 At Night, to warm an old Man's Nest,
 (Tho' not so proper for his Rest.)
 His Resolution fix'd, 'tis said,
 He married, Sir, a pretty Maid ;
 A gay young wanton Thing, of Fourteen,
 Without the Fuss and Do of Courting.
 His Neighbours smil'd at the Affair,
 Saying, Sir *Ralph* won't want an Heir :
 Nay, nineteen People said in twenty,
 His Children would have Fathers plenty.
 Thus he, who counsel'd every Elf,
 Wanted Advice in this himself.

You'll

You'll say, he was a Fool— 'tis true ;
 But, faith, such Fools are not so few :
 As well in this, as Ages past,
 And Cuckolds multiply so fast,
 That in each Alderman, you see one,
 That 'tis scarce thought a Shame to be one.

But *Ralph*, who had not wherewithall
 To satisfy his Deary's Call,
 Whene'er she try'd each Air and Beauty,
 To urge him to his Marriage-duty ;
 Still pleaded in his own Defence,
 An Almanack of Abstinence ;
 Where, thro' the Year (oh ! hard to say)
 There was allow'd but one short Day,
 For Love, and venereal Play.
 'Twas calculated by old Rigour,
 Against the Heat of youthful Vigour :
 'Twas thus, Sir *Ralph* brought all about,
 And the whole Week was thus laid out.

Monday, fays he (in Manner meek)
 You know, my Dear, begins the Week;
 And sure 'tis an improper thing,
 The Week, with Pastime, to begin.

Tuesday, my Love, 's a fatal Rock,
 Dreaded by every aged Cock.

On *Wednesday*, strictly we're forbid
 To taste of Flesh, my precious Kid.

Thursday's a Day of pious Note,
 When we shou'd always be devout.

On *Friday*, we must fast again,
 And from all sorts of Flesh abstain.

On *Saturday*, we ought to pray,
 Since it foreruns the Sabbath-day.

Then *Sunday*, the Almighty blest,
 By making it a Day of Rest.

In Summer, Dog-Days were Pretences,
 And Love was Poison in her *Menses*.
 Your Omens now and then appear,
 Lent was the Glory of the Year.

A solemn Festival came pat in,
 Claiming his Vesper and his Mattin ;
 And every Saint's Day was a Heaven,
 To succour his Excuses given.
 In short, excus'd the Year went round,
 And but one Day for Love was found ;
 And that was merry New-Year's-Day ;
 For then attempting to be gay,
 Sir *Ralph* the Joy of Copulation
 Wou'd give her as New-Year's Donation :
 Yet tho' the fumbling icy Knight,
 Cou'd not perform Hymeneal Rite,
 He knew his failing ; and t' appease her,
 He strove with other things to please her ;
 Nor no one cou'd, than her, go finer,
 Not ey'n a Dutchess cou'd outshine her.
 But what are Baubles, Jewels, Rings ?
 Young Ladies long for other things,
 And throw away what Husbands give 'em,
 On those, who can in Love relieve 'em.

Close

Close by the Sea, (to please his Spouse)

Sir *Ralph* had took a pleasant House ;
And always in the Summer Weather,
They went for *passo Tempo* thither :
And there in Season *a propo*,
They'd oftentimes a Fishing go.

Thus, as one Day, Sir *Ralph* was walking,
 And with his little Deary talking ;
 The Weather very calm and fair,
 Whilst Zephyr blew a gentle Air ;
 Says she to him, my Dear, I wish,
 You'd go and catch a Dish of Fish.
 Sir *Ralph* did presently consent,
 And so they both a Fishing went :
 But e'er a League from Shore they got,
 A Privateer accosts the Yatcht.
 The Captain presently was smit,
 At sight of such a pretty Bit ;
 And makes (in vain were *Ralph*'s Cries)
 The half-consenting Wife his Prize.

Indeed, she seem'd to mourn the Rape,
 Some half an Hour, and wish'd Escape.
 The poor old Knight, alas ! alas !
 Was in a much more piteous Case ;
 Who, tho' he'd cry'd 'till almost blind,
 Was forc'd to leave his Wife behind.
 (Some weep for Joy, to lose a Wife ;
 But his, poor Man, were Tears of Grief.)
 And rather than he'd lose his Honey,
 He trudges home to scrape up Money :
 Hoping, the Captain would surrender
 His Spouse, upon a handsome Tender.
 For her, her Tears were quickly over,
 She found the Tarr a piercing Lover.
 He shew'd her what a Husband shou'd do ;
 More than her old Husband cou'd do.
 Whilst he, poor Cuckold, full of Care
 In thinking, how his Wife wou'd fare ;
 Persuaded of her virtuous Mind,
 Came back the Privateer to find.

His Purse a thousand Ducats bear,
 (Oh! Fool, to buy a Wife so dear !)
 After a tedious Search he meets him ;
 And thus with heavy Heart he greets him.
 Sir, I am come thus far to ransom
 A Captive, you have took, most handsom ;
 Who is, alas ! my loving Wife, Sir,
 The Joy and Comfort of my Life, Sir.
 This Purse is yours, upon Proviso,
 You give her back, for whom I cry so :
 The Captain thus reply'd, no doubt,
 I've many Maids and Wives without,
 My Ship a thousand Wives secures ;
 Then how can I know which is yours ?
 Why, Sir, the good old Knight replies,
 You'll know her by her very Eyes ;
 For further Proof, 'tis she you got
 Last Week out of my Pleasure-Yatcht ;
 Shou'd she once see me on the Deck,
 She'd cling like Ivy round my Neck ;

Fly to my Arms that very Minute

She sees me, or the Devil's in it.

Since if, Sir *Ralph*, it is, you say,

Her whom I took last Week away,

I'll send a Message by my Mate,

To bring that Captive hither strait ;

And if she knows ye, when she sees ye,

I'll give her up, if that will ease ye.

Agreed—and strait the Lady's brought,

But she nor mov'd, nor stir'd a Jot ;

But seem'd as cool, when he was seen,

As he'd the greatest Stranger been.

Oh ! she's ashamed, said *Ralph*, for she

Is always so 'fore Company ;

But, I am sure, were we alone,

She'd quickly know me for her own :

Her little Hubby, her now Deary,

And kiss and hug me, when none's near me.

If that's the Case, replies the Pirate,

I'll fairly give you leave to try it.

So in Room apart they went ;
 The Knight seem'd very well content,
 Cries, Child, you need not now be shy ;
 Come, kiss thy Honey, why 'tis I.
 I am glad to see thee here so safely,
 What—dost not know thy Cocky, *Raphy* ?
 Am I so alter'd and decay'd ?
 'Tis you those Alterations made.
 Thy being made a Slave, it was
 That only, which has been the Cause.
 Have I, my Pigsny, e'er been cruel,
 Deny'd thee any Ring or Jewel,
 Or any gewgaw Toy, you wanted ;
 Nay, more than you had need of, granted.
 You had a Chaise, a Coach, and Horses,
 And always full two silken Purses.
 You'll be a Slave, if here you stay ;
 What of your Virtue shall we say ?
 E'en what you will, reply'd the Flirt,
 With a brisk Air, and mighty pert.

What do you think it fitting, Sir,
 About my Virtue now to stir?
 My Parents had but small Regard,
 For real Honour's splendid Card;
 Who wedded me not scarce fifteen,
 To fourscore Years of Gout and Spleen.
 It was my Case—— you know it well,
 E'en send your Almanacks to Hell;
 I am not now so mighty shallow,
 But know what is a hale strong Fellow.
 Such is this Captain, dear Sir *Ralph*,
 In Strength, he's more than Man and half.
 He preaches up no Abstinence,
 But knows to please my every Sense:
 With him I have already found
 'Tis New-Year's-Day the whole Year round.
 Than Man of *Islington* he's stronger;
 I pray, Sir *Ralph*, insist no longer;
 I know when I'm well serv'd, and so,
 Dear Hubby, *Ralph*, prithee go.

Don't tell me, with a whining Cant,
 Of what fine things I did not want ;
 Trust me, I'm more content by far,
 With this same handsome lusty Tar,
 Than when I rode in Coach and four
 With you, the Shadow of Threescore.
 E'en go your ways — The good old Knight
 Could scarce believe his Ears and Sight,
 And strait departed — greatly griev'd ;
 'Till him from Sorrow Death reliev'd.
 Thus fares Man's Wedlock at fourscore ;
 A Cuckold he, and she a Whore.

Little D O G S have long Tails.

I.

WE have it, by Tradition, told,
 That *Jove*, for Man's Creation,
 Mix'd up a swinging Heap of Mould,
 And gave it due Formation.

2.

When all were made, a little Clay
 Was left ; and rather than, Sir,
 He'd throw the least of it away,
 He made a little Man, Sir.

3.

Then from *Olympus'* Top around,
 The Earth, his Eyes he cast, Sir,
 And to his Joy all smiling found,
 But him, whom he made last, Sir.

4.

Says *Jove*, what makes you frown and sigh?
 The rest are pleasant all, Sir ;
 So (says the little Man) wou'd I,
 If I were full as tall, Sir.

5.

The Men will laugh at me, alas !
 The Females too will rig me ;
 And cry, behold, where-e'er I pass,
 There goes the little *Pigmy*.

6.

6.

Thy Case, says *Jove*, is hard, I find,
 But I will strive to please ye;
 I've yet a little Mould behind,
 Will make the matter easy.

7.

Then having scrap'd up all the Mould,
 That scattered lay there, Sir,
 (Like *Diapalma* Plaister rowl'd)
 He fix'd it, you know where, Sir.

8.

So now, thou art as good, says *Jove*,
 As any, (tho' the smallest ;)
 The Females too, as well thou'l move,
 As any of the tallest.

9.

In this, 'tis plain, *Jove* rightly guest ;
 For e'er since the Creation,
 Women like little Men the best,
 In Acts of Generation.

Buch. *Epigramma.**Ad NEÆRAM.*

Q Ualiter ad solem foliis morientibus arent
 Candida virginea lilia secta manu :
 Paulatim lento sic maceror igne, Neæra,
 Ut primum radii me tetigere tui.
 At mihi dum roseis tractim, das oscula labris,
 Sentit & attactus debilis umbra tuos.
 Mens redit & vigor ignescit, velut herba resurgit,
 Cum levis arentem recreat imber humum.
 Ergo quando oculis pereuntem me oscula sanant,
 Et mea in arbitrio vitaque morsque tuo est :
 Perde, neca, ut visum est ; sed dum pereo, oscula
 junge,
 Sæpe ut sic vivam, sic volo sæpe mori.



To N E A R A.

A S Virgin Lillies pluck'd from off their Stems,
 Wither, and die beneath Sol's radiant Beams;
 So when thy Eyes, my Love! first warm'd my Heart,
 I felt a wasting Fire seize e'ry Part,
 But when you join'd your rosy Lips to mine,
 Warm'd by the gentle Touch, — (O Balm divine)
 My Strength return'd, e'en as descending Showers
 Call from the parch'd Earth the beauteous Flowers.
 Since your Eyes kill, and since your Kisses cure,
 My Life and Death you equally insure.
 Destroy me, kill me; be it as you will,
 If, as I die, I may your Kisses feel :
 From such a Fate, I'd never ask to fly,
 Thus oft to live, as often I would die.



*In Imitation of the eighth ODE of the
Eleventh Book of HORACE.*

Prithee, dear *Jack*, forego the Chace ;
Believe me, she's too young ;
Too young, to bear the fierce Embrace,
Or Press of Arms so strong.

Too young by far, is little Miss
To be or kind, or coy ;
Unable yet to taste the Bliss,
Or bear the rushing Joy.

Can the green Grape thy Taste delight,
When *Autumn* will produce
Ripe, tender, purple Fruit to sight,
Sweet, pouting, full of Juice ?

4.

Behold thy *Dulcy's* full-blown Charms;
 She all thy Strength requires,
 Joyful she'll take thee to her Arms,
 To quench her stronger Fires.

Shall all the Arts that Fair-One tries,
 And every Air be vain ?
 Still shall her wanton gloting Eyes
 Demand, yet want a Man ?

6.

Faith, *Jacky*, 'tis a monstrous Shame,
 That she shou'd wishing lie,
 To have sufficient of that same,
 Whilst you stand idly by.

7.

Why do'st thou cry, Alack — alack ?
 Even try what thou can'st do ;
 And if she han't enough of *Jack*,
Tom's at her Service too.

NECESSITY the Mother of Invention.

LONG DRYDEN's Muse conceal'd her native
Flame,
Unknown his Genius, and unheard his Name ;
In Scenes of Plenty lost, reclin'd at ease,
His only Aim was just, at best, to please.

But when constrain'd by Want, the Poet wrote ;
Strong was each Line, and bold was e'ry Thought ;
Sublime he soar'd to sing the *Mantuan* Swain,
And *Trojan* Hero, in no common Strain.

From pinching Want, such matchless Numbers
sprung,
That edg'd his Genius, that improv'd his Tongue :
From thence proceeded each heroic Thought ;
And had not DRYDEN starv'd, he had not wrote.



* *A Song on T O F T S the Rabbit-Woman.*

To the Tune of, *Chevy Chace.*

I.

MOST true it is, I dare to say,
That since the Days of Eve,
The weakest Woman sometimes may
The wifest Man *deceive.*

2.

Old DAV'NANT circumspect, sedate,
A *Machiavel* by Trade,
Arriv'd Express, with News of State,
And thus at Court he said :

3.

At *Godalmin*, hard by the *Bult*,
A Woman long thought *barren*,
Bears *Rabbits*, gad, so plentiful,
You'd take her for a *Warren*.

4.

These Eyes, 'says he, beheld *them* clear ;

What ! do you doubt my View ?

Behold this *Narrative* I've here :

Why, Z—ds and Bl—d, 'tis true !

5.

Some said, that DOUGLASS sent should be ;

Some talk'd of WALKER's *Merit* ;

But most held in this *Midwifry*,

No *Doctor* like a *Ferrit*.

6.

But MOLYNEUX, who heard *this* told,

Right *wary* he, and *wise*,

Cry'd, sagely, 'Tis not *safe*, I hold,

To trust to DAV'NANT's *Eyes*.

7.

A Vow to God he then did make,

He would himself go down ;

ST. ANDRE too, the Scale to take

Of this *Phænomenon*.

8.

8.

He order'd then his Coach and four ;

The Coach was quickly got 'em,
Resolv'd this *Secret* to explore,
And search it to the *bottom*.

9.

At *Godalmin* they soon arrive,
For haste they made exceeding ;
As *Courtiers* should, whene'er they strive
To be inform'd of *Breeding*.

10.

The Good-Wife to the Surgeon went,
And said to him, Good Neighbour,
It's pity that *two* Squires so *Gent*,
Should come and lose their labour.

11.

The Surgeon with a *Rabbit* came,
And first in *Pieces* cut it ;
Then slyly thrust it up that same,
As far as Man could put it.

Says

12.

Says MOLYNEUX, first, let us try,

Now that her Legs are ope;

If we can *any thing* descry,

By help of *Telescope*.

13.

The *Instrument* himself did make,

He rais'd and levell'd right :

But all about was so opake,

It could not aid his *Sight*.

14.

On Tiptoe then the *Squire* he stood ;

But first he gave her Money,

Then reach'd as high as e'er he could,

And cry'd, I feel a *Coney*.

15.

Is it alive ? ST. ANDRE cry'd.

It is, I feel it stir.

Is it full grown ? the *Squire* reply'd.]

It is ; see here the *Furr* !

16.

16.

And now two Legs St. ANDRE got,

And then came two Legs more ;

Now fell the Head to MOLLY's Lot,

And so the Work was o'er.

17.

The Woman thus being brought to Bed,

Said, to reward your Pains,

ST. ANDRE shall dissect the Head,

And you shall have the Brains.

18.

He wrapt it in a Linnen Rag,

Then thank'd her for her Kindness ;

And cramm'd it in the Velvet Bag,

Which serves his R—H—.

19.

Oh! happy, it would be, I ween,

Could they these Rabbits smother ;

MOLLY had ne'er a Midwife been,

Nor she a shameful Mother.

Why has the Proverb falsely said,
 Better *two Heads* than *one* ;
 Could MOLLY hide this Rabbit's *Head*,
 Then he might show his *own*.

* *An EPI TAPH.*

On the Death of a stingy old Fellow.

By Mr. H. L.

THES E verdant Tufts *Avarus'* Ashes hide,
 Who *liv'd* we only know, because he *dy'd*.
 What if they re-unite, and form a Whole ?
 He fears no Judgment — for he had *no Soul*.



* *On His Highness the Prince of ORANGE.*

An EPIGRAM.

By Mr. H. L.

TO WILLIAM's Sword, submissive Nations
bow'd,

(The awful Monarch of a vanquish'd Croud!)

But Great NASSAU may boast superior Parts.

That conquer'd Nations, but This conquers Hearts.

* *On SALINDA's Birth-Day, being the
First of January.*

SEE, where the fair SALINDA, sleeping, lies,
Undrawn, as yet, the Curtains of her Eyes:
See, how young *Cupid* wantons o'er her Face,
And shoots a killing Dart from every Grace.

Wake her, some Angel, from her downy Rest,
In softest Whispers murmur o'er her Breast;

Steal

Steal her sweet Voice, to tune the melting Song,
 And gently breathe th'ambrosial Airs along ;
 In Sounds, like her's, the Notes of Heaven convey,
 And court her powerful Smiles to gladden Day.

Say, 'tis thy Birth-day ; *Soul of Sweetness* ! wake,
 Through the wish'd Morning, let thy Beauties break :
 The Sun's already up ; but wanting thee,
 The Sun itself a joyless Light will be :
 The Gloom of Midnight, with thy Presence blest,
 Exceeds the Morn, in *Phœbus*' Glories drest :
 What without *Him* the wintry World would prove,
 Such is the Wretch unblest by *Thee* and *Love*.

Think, not her Birth, from Chance deriv'd its Date,
 The leading Day deserv'd the brightest Fate.
God, at the *Birth of Time*, confirm'd its Right,
 And, for his first Day's Work, created *LIGHT*.
 Her Form, how soft ! how tender ! and how fair !
 But what a cruel Heart inhabits there !
 Her Eyes, like two malignant Stars, appear,
 And shine as fatal, while they shine as clear :

Her Breast does well the *rigid Month* disclose,
Cold as its Frosts, and *whiter* than its Snows.

Oh ! would the Seasons, through her Passions steer,
 The same fix'd Course, they follow through the Year,
 Would *Winter's* chilling Blasts but once retire,
Spring would succeed, and genial Warmth inspire:
 Soft *blooming* Hopes, and *budding* Joys would *blow*,
 And *Summer*, next, with Heat of Love would *glow*.

Mart. Lib. 9, E P I G. 6.

NUbere vis Prisco, non miror, Paula, sapisti;
 Ducere te non vult Priscus, & ille sapit.

Imitated.

KATE plays the arch and cunning Jade ;
 For TIM the Barber, fain she'd wed.
 But TIM avers, that ne'er shall be ;
 So he's as cunning full as she.

To a LADY, on her presenting me with
a PICTURE.

THY Picture shews the nicest Strokes of Art ;
The Painter had his Pencil at command :
But still thou'rt fairer painted in my Heart,
Done by another, and a better Hand.

An EPIGRAM.

Year's not past, since hoary Ned
To *Chloe* the Fair was marry'd,
Who the first Month was brought-to-bed,
And twice since has miscarry'd.
How hapless then the Marriage-state !
How subject to Lampoon !
By Husbands *marrying* much *too late*,
Wives *coming* much *too soon*.

The

The VISION.

Dissolv'd in Sleep, near a complaining Stream,
 My Fancy strove with this important Dream:
 Methought I, with Reluctance, was convey'd
 Thro' Vaults opake, whose winding Caverns lead
 To Death's sad Court — The brazen Gates I past,
 When lo! again, the brazen Gates were fast :
 With fearful Eyes, I took a dread Survey ;
 Here dead Mens Bones, in Piles around me, lay ;
 Skulls of great Kings, with Slaves, together laid,
 Without Distinction, there a Pavement made ;
 Here *Phœbus* ne'er was known to dart his Ray,
 But glimm'ring Lamps gleam'd forth a dismal Day ;
 By which faint Light, I view'd the Cells around,
 And in each Hollow startling Objects found,
 In a long Row stood Glasses fill'd with Sand,
 And ev'ry Glass some Mortal's Lot contain'd ;
 His or her Name in bloody Letters spell'd,
 And Years assign'd them, I, amaz'd, beheld ;

Grim Fate stood by, to watch the falling Grain,
 And cut the slender Thread of Life in twain ;
 Then down the Tablet drops t' a Stream below,
 Which seem'd from the *Lethcean* Lake to flow ;
 And sudden vanishing away from Sight,
 Is lost in the Abyss of endless Night.

Whilst thus, amaz'd, I view'd this Scene of Dread,
 Upon a Tablet my own Name I read ;
 But oh ! what agonizing Tortures rent
 My Breast, to see the dropping Sand near spent.

The dreadful Scene begins — (forgive me Fate,
 While I thy awful Mysteries relate)
 Strait was I summon'd to receive my Doom,
 For Death, with horrid Grin, approach'd the Room,
 Array'd tremendous in a fable Robe,
 A Dart his Scepter, and a Skull his Globe.
 He sat — th' Attendants on his Person stood
 All arm'd for Slaughter, all distain'd with Blood.
 Diseases next were plac'd, (a numerous Train)
 Producing each a Bed-Roll of the Slain.

No sooner were my scatter'd Thoughts restor'd,
 Than Heaven's Assistance I with Pray'r's implor'd ;
 But thus, with hollow Voice, the Tyrant spoke :
 " Fond Youth, in vain Heaven's Succour you
 invoke ;
 " Stand to the Bar — Hear thy Indictment read ;
 " For e'er thou dy'st, thou art allow'd to plead ;
 " Thy Charge is deep — but for thyself reply :
 " Oh ! I am guilty, and deserve to die ;
 " My Life in Vanity's Pursuit I spent,
 " Too oft transgres'd, too rarely did repent :
 " Some Vices (Heav'n assisting) I suppress'd,
 " And lasting War proclaim'd with all the rest,
 " But often from th' unequal Combat fled,
 " By Passions overcome, and Captive led :
 " But are this Court's Proceedings so severe,
 " That Youth can challenge no Indulgence here ?
 " Mortal, thy Doom already is decreed,
 " (*The Judge reply'd*) and Sentence must proceed ;
 " This

“ This Court’s Records with Instances abound
 “ Of younger Brows than thine, with Laurels
 crown’d.

“ Approach, ye Ministers of Fate, and bear
 “ Th’ Offended hence to Regions of Despair ;
 “ In liquid Flames of Sulphur let him roll,
 “ Whilst never-dying Anguish racks his Soul :
 “ There let him howl Eternity away,
 “ And with the Damn’d, despair, and curse, and
 pray.”

Confusion now my tortur’d Bosom fill’d ;
 Cold Sweats adown my lifeless Joints distill’d ;
 A Guard of Demons at the Tyrant’s Call,
 With hideous Yellings, rush’d into the Hall :
 When lo ! in this Distress, a Heav’ly Ray
 Did all around its cheerful Light display ;
 The Lamps grew pale, and shrunk into their Case,
 The frightened Demons vanish’d from the Place ;
 The haughty Tyrant too confus’d appear’d.
 Amongst the Bones a rattling Noise I heard,

As summon'd to their universal Dooms,
 They jostl'd with each other in their Tombs.
 Not daring yet to hope Relief, I spy'd
 My Guardian Angel smiling by my Side ;
 A silent Joy through all my Vitals run,
 Whilst thus in charming Accents he began :
 " Rejoice, my Charge — from Heaven's high
 Court I come
 " With gracious Orders, to revoke thy Doom ;
 " Thy Sun is set, thy Life's Glass almost run,
 " Thy Virtue's Course imperfectly's begun :
 " But Heav'n (benevolent to human Race)
 " Has licens'd me, or to prolong thy Space,
 " Or on my Wing thy happier Soul convey
 " To blissful Mansions of ethereal Day."
 To Heav'n and him my fervent Thanks I pay'd,
 And thither, begg'd, with speed to be convey'd.
 " But, first, admit the Fate of all Mankind,
 " (Said he) and leave that Load of Earth behind."

Pris'ners absolv'd, less gladly quit their Chain,
 Than I that Flesh that did my Soul detain ;
 But when denuded, she herself survey'd,
 Leprous and foul by Sin's Contagion made,
 She blush'd, and sought to cover her Disgrace,
 Retreating back into her fleshly Case ;
 But that her Guardian Angel soon withstood,
 And wash'd her clean with Hysop dipt in Blood.
 When lo ! as I the wondrous Cause inquir'd
 Of this Ablution, straight I grew inspir'd,
 And, wrap'd in Heav'nly Raptures, saw no more
 Those Blemishes that stain'd my Soul before ;
 Thoughts of New World had so my Mind engross'd,
 That all Remembrance of the Old was lost ;
 That Body too, which once I fondly thought
 Could never from my Memory be wrought,
 Now lay despis'd, neglected, by my side,
 Whilst thus in Wonder and Amaze I cry'd ;
 " Bless me ! what ghastly filthy Thing lies there,
 " Is that the Body which I lov'd so dear !

" Is this the Thing I took such Care t' improve!
 " Taught it to cringe, and in just Measures move;
 " The Thing that lately did in Business sweat,
 " That talk'd so much of being rich and great :
 " Lo now behold it rotten on the Floor,
 " A Prey to Worms it trod upon before ;
 " What courteous Female now wou'd deign to
 grace,
 " Or curl those Locks, or kiss that ghastly Face !
 " Why is the Corpse so long detain'd from Ground !
 " 'Tis Time ! 'tis Time, those Hands and Feet were
 bound ;
 " Close the dull Eyes, support the fallen Chin,
 " With grassy Turf suppress the swelling Skin ;
 " In winding Sheets th' offensive Carcals shroud,
 " And deep in Earth the useless Lumber croud."
 Insulting thus, I spoke, and more had said,
 But was by my assistant Angel stay'd :
 " My Charge, (*said he*) these gloomy Regions past,
 " Days dawn upon you, Days that ever last !

¶ Where

" Where on the Borders of the happy Land,
 " To hail thee welcome, Saints and Angels stand."

He said, and strait his Silver Wand upheav'd ;
 The Iron Walls obey'd the Stroke, and cleav'd :
 Such was the Stroke *Egyptian Moses* gave,
 When *Israel* walk'd thro' the obedient Wave ;
 The Waters there congeal'd, and rose in Walls,
 The Building here like breaking Water falls.
 The parting Stones had just brought Heaven in
 view,
 When (fatal Chance !) my Heavenly Dream
 withdrew.



* *Manners make the MAN.*

AN EPISTLE to the Honourable JOHN
BARBER Esq; late LORD-MAYOR of the
City of LONDON.

— *Famam extendere factis,*
Hoc Virtutis opus — — — Virg.

WHO can refrain, in these fantastick Times,
When Panegyrick strives to varnish Crimes,
When pension'd Scribes, in Water-colours, paint
The Devil, in the likeness of a Saint ;
Which wash away, in the first falling Rain,
And leave him in his native Form again :
When Force of Argument does weekly try,
To give our Reason and our Sense the Lye.

Shall all, but Virtue, in these baser Days,
Enjoy our Riches, and secure our Praise ?
No. For unnerv'd, as is my grov'ling Muse,
Virtue's the only Patron she will chuse.

Virtue

Virtue, who angry with the World below,
 Swift took her flight, to Heaven, an Age ago :
 She took her flight, but kindly, since she fled,
 Sent B A R B E R, as Vicegerent, in her stead.
 B A R B E R, Great LONDON's wealthy City's Pride,
 Guard of her Safety, and her Council's Guide !
 Secure in him, her worthy Merchants bear
 Court-Frowns, regarding them, like what they are :
 Baffle Attempts, by *wise* Projectors, made,
 To change the CONSTITUTION of her TRADE.
 Forgive a Muse, intruding and unknown,
 Who on your Fame attempts to build her own ;
 Forgive her wanton Sallies, if you find
 Her Art outstript, by her ambitious Mind :
 On feeble Wings, indeed, she tries to fly,
 And they may fall too low, who soar to high ;
 But Fate, obsequious to your Will, may charm
 Her willing Flight ; and shelter her from harm.
 Freely, I own, there is no Honour due
 To him, whose Praises are bestow'd on you ;

For

For ev'ry Man, by common Justice, knows
 His Duty is, to render what he owes :
 To friendly Neighbours, Honesty and Truth,
 Respect to Age, and Good Advice to Youth ;
 To *Cæsar* Tribute, which he justly lays,
 To Heav'n, Pray'r, and worthy BARBER, Praise ;

An ample Fortune waits a gen'rous Heart,
 By Industry amass'd, and honest Art ;
 Not got by Wrongs, which other Men endure,
 Not hoarded up, secluded from the Poor :
 No, for your Gold, is like your Soul, design'd
 To heal the pressing Wants of all Mankind.

You want no Titles, Ministers bestow,
 Wrapt up with Ribbons, to adorn a Beau :
 Let those who do, their empty Honours scan,
 They'll find, that you excel, — in HONEST MAN ;
 They'll find, if Shame their Folly can reprove,
 A Fav'rite's Smiles, below a Patriot's Love.

Men, of small Souls, who think directly wrong,
 Make Fame and Virtue to high Birth belong ;

Give honorary Titles ev'ry Grace,
 And value Men, according to their Place ;
 Tell the projecting Knave, he's good and great,
 As Virtue was entail'd with his Estate ;
 Works of great Ages past, with Zeal, record,
 And borrow from the Grave, to deck my Lord ;
 Give him the blended Coat, was justly wore
 By Merit, a long Century before ;
 Plume him with all the Titles of the Age,
 And dress him, like *Jack Pudding*, on the Stage.
 While Men of Sense observe, in ridicule,
 The Coat was never made to fit the Fool :
 Go where he will, these always hover near,
 Smile in his Face, and whisper in his Ear ;
 Come at his Beck, and tremble at his Frown,
 Call his Forefathers Virtues, all his own ;
 Mention the vast Discretion of his Sire,
 His Mother's Beauty, piercing Wit and Fire:
 The Valour of my Lord, who, all Men know,
 Duell'd about — a thousand Years ago ;

H h

The

The Politicks of one who, all along,
 Gave the Court Votes—because—he knew them
 wrong :

To him these many Charms descended are,
 The Fool must have them all, because the Heir.
 But still, to triumph more o'er vulgar Hearts,
 He adds to these—his own engaging Parts ;
 While my good Lord, who places all his Care
 In Pride, in Fiddle-faddle, and the Fair ;
 Likes the false Mirrour, in the flatt'ring Glass,
 Fond to be thought—Right Honourable—A ls.

Christians, who view Mankind in such a Light,
 (As Trav'lers follow Vapours in the Night ;
 Blindly mistake the plain, the beaten Way,
 And lead themselves insensibly astray)
 Neglect that Path, their wiser Fathers trod,
 Belye the Faith they practise, or their God.
 Then for his sake, who bravely underwent
 The *Jews* Reproach, and shameful Punishment ;

Who

Who came to heal the Sick, and light the Blind,
 And suffer'd in Compassion to Mankind ;
 Confess that humble Birth and Virtue, claim
 The prior Title in the List of Fame.

Men, who are born to be a Nation's Good,
 May take their outward Form from Flesh and Blood ;
 But the pure Zeal, with which their Souls are fir'd,
 Is by some high, some unknown Pow'r inspir'd.

Mean Birth, in vulgar Eyes, may Virtue shroud,
 While Sense beholds her Lustre thro' the Cloud ;
 Views eagerly, beneath the outward Skin,
 A Mine of Gold, a godlike Soul within ;
 Sees the great Heart, as beating thro' the Mounds,
 Attentive only, where it's Honour sounds ;
 Brave to be good, and breaking from it's hold,
 To touch the Stone, and prove it purest Gold.
 While he, with whom a thousand Titles go,
 Like *Pinchbeck* Metal, may be meerly show ;
 Soon as Fame calls, appears the gross Deceit,
 For the true Touchstone, Honour, shows the Cheat.

Heav'n says, the Man, who humbly bears his State,
 Shall rise to greater and to better Fate ;
 While the proud Noble shall resign his Place,
 And barter Reputation for Disgrace.

Shall then the tardy Souls, who only boast
 Of what their Fathers won, and they have lost,
 Still wear a Title, to adorn their Name,
 Like a bad Picture in a gilded Frame ?
 Shall they command the guilty World's Respect,
 While plain untitled Virtue's in neglect ?

No ; for the gen'rous World their Voices raise,
 In Acclamations loud, to B A R B E R's Praise.
 Let those, who're daub'd with Honours for a Day,
 Which, the first Frown, a Court can sweep away,
 (While the loud Sounds of Joy approach the Skies)
 Shew their rash Hate, as bursting from their Eyes,
 Betray what Passions, sordid Souls can move,
 And gaze with Hate, as others gaze with Love ;
 Vext at that Virtue, which he ne'er can wrong,
 And Honour built upon a Rock so strong.

How will your glorious Name recorded stand,

High in esteem, and honour'd in the Land ?

(While each warm Breast with fruitless Zeal would
burn,

And wish your happy Year could once return)

If some rash Man, in After-Days, should rise,

To rule the City, fond to tyrannize ;

Such as ne'er yet her peaceful Sword could sway,

And such as, Heaven grant there never may ;

Such as the present worthy * Court declare,

The easy People have no cause to fear.

A Man of an ungovernable Will,

Soon stirr'd to Wrath, and prone to ev'ry Ill ;

Proud he's distinguish'd from the vulgar Croud,

Yet seem, as if ashame'd of doing Good.

By some fly Foe, in Friendship's Mask, advis'd,

Uncommon Trouble take——to be despis'd ?

Fill his high Place, with too sublime a Port,

Yet humbly sneak for something—to the Court :

Disturb

* Court of Aldermen.

Disturb the Croud, to get some better Job ;
 And make a Riot—to commit the Mob.
 Resolv'd, instead of Love, to raise their Fear,
 And prove a petty Tyrant, for a Year :
 Would not, when time was to that Period run,
 His Reign conclude—in Snuff—as it begun ?

So some bad brasen Actor will appear,
 Before a crowded, judging Theatre :
 His Power gone, his Voice to tatters rent,
 He apes but ill, what he should represent ;
 The Mimick flounders through it, hit or miss,
 And boldly makes his *Exit*, in an Hiss.

How wide the Aim, your gen'rous Love pursu'd,
 To save the over-zealous Multitude !

Some from the Law, their own wrong Meanings
 drew,

And wrested them to serve, I know not who :
 Men, to mislead, did Arguments advance,
 That Wretches might be hang'd, on Circumstance.

But

But you, like Justice, kindly interpos'd,
 Gave good Advice, and the Debate was clos'd ;
 While the Rebuk'd, who knew his Tenet wrong,
 Hung down his Head, and blush'd, and held his
 Tongue :

Twelve honest Men, in one according Voice,
 Return'd their Thanks, and bid the World rejoice.

'Tis not a Pride, that holds the World in scorn ;
 'Tis not the Wealth, to which a Fool is born ;
 'Tis not the Vein, thro' which our Blood has ran ;
 'Tis not the Purse ; But *Manners make the MAN.*

A Druryan PASTORAL.

Farewel, ye Dames of *Surry's* fertile Plains ;
 To *Druryan* Nymphs, I dedicate my Strains.
 Nymphs, form'd for Love, and *Gin's* alluring Stream ;
 Hail, *Needham* ! let thy Dust inspire my Theme.
 Aid all, ye Sisters, the *Tyburnian* Lays ;
 And Love, almighty Love, shall win the Bays.

Just

Just as the Sessions clos'd (whose dreadful State
 Ordain'd the Tripod, for the Felons Fate)
 The happy Wretches, whose more bounteous Stars
 Absolv'd, hail Joy, and banish'd all their Cares :
 While brave *Mackheath*, whose bold advent'rous
 Hatid,

So oft, on *Hounslow*, made the Trav'llet stand,
 Doom'd from the Gallows pendulous to swing,
 And mount to Heav'n, triumphant in a String.
 Stretch'd in his *Cell*, with Veins full flowing, lay
 Pensive, as Gamesters, when they lose at Play.
 While in this State, and melancholly Gloom,
 Fair *Lucy*, lo ! approach'd the Hero's Room,
 Beheld the dismal stately Scene of Woe,
 And shrunk with Horror, wou'd—But cou'd not go.
 At length the Heroine summon'd all her Spleen,
 And spoke with Fury of *Theatric* Queen.

LUCY.

Miss *Polly* has thy Heart, I am forgot ;
Lucy's undone ; the *Fleet* has ty'd the Knot.

From

From me you rove, to her devote Joys ;
 Ah, me ! I'm serv'd, as Children serve their Toys :
 At present, fondling, as thy Int'rests guides ;
 But when thou'rt freed, alas ! thy Love subsides.
 I own, Miss *Polly*, fair, most wond'rous fair,
 And fragrant, as to Cits the Country Air ;
 As Toys to tawdry *Sue* ; or Drams to *Jane* ;
 Or Country Squire to Nymph of *Drury-Lane*.
 Tho' false, *Mackheath*, you slight my easy Love ;
 There's *Jemmy Twitcher* would my Flame approve,
 Sues Night and Day, but sues in vain to me ;
 His Love I slight, as mine's despis'd by thee.

MACKHEATH.

You deal unjustly, whilst you doubt my Flame,
 And all thy jealous Fears let Falshood claim :
 But, if I'm false, never may I get free ;
 And as I'm doom'd, be noos'd at *Tyburn Tree*.
 Ne'er may I hope another Prize to gain ;
 But, oh ! be taken, whilst I throw a Main.

The next bright Golden Watch, I seize, is thine;
 As Frankincense, I'll bear it to thy Shrine.
 Not shatter'd Limbs, to Surgeons, yield more Joy,
 Or unfledg'd Magpies to the truant Boy :
 Not Lovers to an aged Lady's Face ;
 Or blooming Virgin to a Rake's Embrace :
 Not a fat Miser, to the *Padway* Youth ;
 Or State Embroils, to Statesmen, void of Truth ;
 Can half those Pleasures to their Souls impart,
 As *Lucy* can to my still constant Heart ;
 Then think, relent, and ease my love-sick Mind :
 In Peace I die, if *Lucy* will be kind.

LUCY.

But say : Is not Miss *Polly* wed to thee ?
 How can't thou then be true to her and me ?

MACKHEATH.

No, *Lucy*, no ; I ne'er lov'd none but you,
 You'll say, I promis'd Marriage—why it's true.
 But Promises are held among the Wise,
 As brittle as the Crust of *Christmas-Pyes*.

And

And to convince thee, *Lucy*, I'm sincere;
 Go fetch *Dick Tackem*, and I'll wed thee here.
 Think not, my Love, I mean to wrong thee—no;
 For what will it avail, to-morrow ends my Woe.
 Since I'm condemn'd, no way to 'scape the Noose,
 Yet, *Lucy*, thee, alone, I fear to lose.

LUCY.

Oh ! cease that Sound, nor pierce my bleeding Heart,
 Thou shannot die, I'll wed thee in the Cart.
 Here lean thy tortur'd Limbs, deprest with Chains ;
 Here lull thy Cares ; here ease thee of thy Pains.
 Afford thy *Lucy* but one amorous Kiss,
 And I will well repay thee for the Bliss.
 Be constant, and in me thou'l find Relief :
 Say, ar't thou true, *Mackheath*—then cease thy Grief.
 It's Due to *Lucy* yields the *Triple Tree* ;
 Nor will *Jack Ketch* repine to lose his Fee.

MACKHEATH.

Can I be false, or e'er forget such Grace ?
 O no, my Fair, I'm true as this Embrace !

To me more pleasing *Lucy* is, when kind,
 Than to stout Sailors fav'ring Gales of Wind:
 Not guilty, brazen *Moll*, condemn'd to swing,
 When pregnant found, more joys to'scape the String;
 Ladies and Lords admire *Cuzzoni's* Note;
 And gaping Crouds the Ballad-Singer's Throat.
 But when at *Sadler's-Wells* with thee, my Dear,
 To see thee pleas'd, how blest *Mackheath* is there!

LUCY.

Here, take this File, unloose thy sore gaul'd Hands,
 And here's the Master-key the Goal commands.

MACKHEATH.

To Debtors, not more constant Guests are Duns;
 Or to your *Cambridge* Wits, old worn-out Puns,
 Than what I'll be to thee—Now farewell Vice,
 Farewell, ye *Druryan* Nymphs, farewell ye Dice;
Lucy is mine. Hail Heav'n! my virtuous Days,
 Since she converted me, be her's the Praise.

He broke his Fetters in the dead of Night,
And e'er the Morn, the Lovers took their flight.

**An E L E G Y on the F L E A of Taste.*

SAY, daring Insect, did Ambition's Fire,
Or Beauty's Charms, thy little Breast inspire?
Was it or Pride, or Elegance of Taste,
Which tempted thee to such a costly Feast ;
Where Life's the Price for each intruding Guest ?
That thou of Danger fearless durst invade
The awful Hand of that angelick Maid,
And sacrilegiously presume to touch,
What boldest Mortals tremble to approach.
Can abject Bosoms glow with Thoughts like these,
“ And dwell such daring Souls in little Fleas?
By this Exploit, immortaliz'd thy Name,
Shall stand the foremost in the List of Fame :
Not e'en those Flies, which *Roman Annals* tell,
Beneath DOMITIAN's golden Bodkin fell.

Tho'

Tho' from the World's proud Lord they met their
Doom,

Promiscuous with the noblest Blood of ROME ;
In the Records of Fame so glorious shine ;
Or boast a Death, so nobly great as thine.

Who to CORDELIA's beauteous Hand aspir'd,
And on her Nail triumphantly expir'd.

Oh ! would some favouring God vouchsafe t'in-
spire

My lab'ring Breast with *Maro's* Sacred Fire ;
Then I thy Fate might worthy thee rehearse,
And sing the daring Act in equal Verse :
That future Ages should, with Wonder, see,
The MANTUAN *Gnat* outrival'd by a *Flea*.



* A D R E A M.

W A S when the dead and silent Night
 To peaceful Slumber did invite,
Phœbus was gone to take a Nap
 In his beloved *Thetis' Lap* ;
 And I my downy Pillow press'd ;
 No aking Cares disturb'd my Rest ;
 When straight this visionary Scene
 Did my free Fancy entertain.

Two Goddesses (for such they seem'd,
 And such they were, or else I dream'd)
 Came to my Bed in bright Array,
 And made the Night outshine the Day.
Pallas I knew in Armour dress'd ;
 The Queen of Love I only guess'd ;
 My erring Mind (by Form deceiv'd)
 The Blue-Ey'd Goddess soon relieved ;
 And sweetly smiling as I lay,
 In Whispers said, or seem'd to say :

“ Happiest

" Happiest of Mortals, lov'd of *Jove*,
 " And all th' Inhabitants above,
 " Receive this Nymph into thy Care ;
 " Whom *Venus*, as herself, made fair ;
 " Bless'd with all outward Grace, that Art
 " Could form to captivate the Heart :
 " Thine be the Task, her Mind to set,
 " And *Venus'* Master-piece compleat."

I took my Charge with Joy extream,
 (All this was only in a Dream)
 Straight to my Study led the Fair,
 To see what I could shew her there ;
 Produc'd her Books that ne'er should fail her,
Clarke, Sherlock, Tillotson, and Taylor ;
 And pointed out the useful Places,
 With am'rous Leers, and wry Grimaces.
 But when my Queries I had stated,
 And for my Pupil's Answer waited,
 With Looks that might an Hermit move,
 Her constant, fix'd Reply was — Love.

She'd

She'd much of *Torrifmond* relate,

And dwell on *Leonora's* Fate :

With many a fond deluded Maid,

To numerous Ills by Love betray'd.

Tho' oft, when young, such Tales I'd read,

They never such Impression made :

'Twas pitiful, methought, if true,

I beg'd, she would the Theme pursue.

She tells it o'er and o'er, in vain ;

For still I beg'd to hear't again :

Wish'd, whilst on her I could depend,

The Tragick Story ne'er might end.

The Sequel mark, and shun my Fate,

Fly from her Charms, e'er 'tis too late.

Upon her Voice such Musick hung,

Such welcome Mischief grac'd her Tongue,

Philosophy was turn'd to Jest ;

And what she said, seem'd wisest, best ;

Of useful Learning all the Store,

Which I so oft perus'd before,

Vanish'd in one sad fatal Hour.

Play and Romance, supply'd the Place

Of outward Sign, and inward Grace,

Pallas' Command inverted see ;

The Pupil, I ; the Tutor, she.



The RECLUSE.

I.

SHut from the World, t'insure her future Peace,
 The fair *Cornelia* solitary dwells ;
 From perjur'd Man she flies, to happier Ease,
 And pays her Worship, in the gloomy Cells.

2.

She, who in Courts, but lately to our Eyes
 Shone, as the sparkling Di'mond's Lustre, bright,
 Now weeps, now mourns, her Pray'rs in Fervour rise,
 Soon as the Lark attempts his early Flight.

3.

When Night lets fall her gloomy Darkness round,
 The humble Posture still the Fair maintains ;
 Still presses with her tender Knees the Ground,
 And in ethereal Searches finds her gains.

4.

Humble and meek, alas ! how chang'd the Scene !
 How alter'd now appears the pious Fair !

No rich Brocade, but sable Crape is seen,
To shade her Limbs from the inclement Air.

5.

Now coarsest Meals support her wasting Frame,
The Crystal Stream, her burning Thirst allays ;
For which, by Pray'r, the too religious Dame
Renders her mighty Maker humble Praise.

6.

Her tender Breast no worldly Cares alarm ;
For Peace and Quietness now center there ;
Her lonely Dwelling is a secret Charm,
She only joys, and only we despair.

The Comparison, chuse which you will.

I.

HOW pleasing is the Path to Sin ?
How sweet the tempting Way,
Which leads the Youth deluded in,
Like Baits, that hide the wily Gin,
To catch the heedless Prey.

2.

2.

Regardless of the destin'd Pain,
 Which must ensue the Crime,
 The fleeting Joy so fills his Brain,
 He deems it idle, weak and vain,
 To think on future Time.

3.

In vain essays weak Reason's Force
 His Passions to controul ;
 As easy 'tis to stop the Course
 Of the fierce wild *Arabian Horse*,
 As guide th'unbridled Soul.

4.

From Crime to Crime he hurries on,
 Still for new Pleasure glows ;
 The purer Charms of Life unknown,
 Imagines nothing but the Town,
 True Happiness bestows.

5.

Till Age comes on for him too fast ;

(Age which the Good desire)

For tho' his former Vigour's past,

Yet still his Inclinations last,

And burn with youthful Fire.

6.

When Death appears in dread Array,

He owns a vengeful God ;

Then ! then ! too late, in dire Dismay,

He strives, but knows not how to pray,

And trembles at the Rod.

7.

Aghast he views, with Sighs and Tears,

Eternity arise ;

So near the dreadful Scene appears,

That mad with agonizing Fears,

The Wretch despairing dies.

8.

8.

The Scene revers'd, observe his Way,
 O'er whom no Vice presides ;
 Whom no vile Pleasures lead astray ;
 But Virtue, with a purer Ray,
 His Thoughts and Actions guides.

9.

He rightly weighs the Sinners State,
 And shuns the fleeting Joy ;
 His Thoughts a nobler Bliss create,
 (The Pleasures of a future State)
 Which Time can ne'er destroy.

10.

Vice is, to him, an unknown Guest,
 For arm'd with Wisdom's Shield,
 Those Passions which disturb his Rest,
 By him in Infancy supprest,
 To stronger Reason yield.

11.

I I.

All worldly Joys to him appear,
 Unworthy of Regard ;
 The great Man's Frowns he need not fear,
 For Virtue makes him happy here,
 And is it's own Reward.

I 2.

His Soul unruffled, pleas'd, sedate,
 Beholds his Life's Decay ;
 Since Death (the Sons of *Adam's* Fate)
 Does all his happier Sons translate,
 To endless Tracts of Day.

I 3.

Such Pleasure fills the Traveller's Breast,
 When wish'd-for Home he sees ;
 When peaceful down he lays to rest,
 His weary'd Limbs with Toil opprest,
 And tastes the Sweets of Ease.

*Naturam expellas Furcā licet, usque
recurrat.*

WHEN vanquish'd *Reason* once to *Love*
gives way,

The Tyrant lords it with unbounded Sway ;
Friends strive in vain, the Passion to controul,
And calm the burning *Fever* of the Soul.

In vain, the *Youth*'s unmanly Weakness chide,
Mock at his Griefs, and all his Pains deride ;
Each time they mention her too charming Name ;
Each time they more remind him of his Flame ;
Oft as the dear, delusive Sound he hears,
Delicious Poison enters in his Ears.

His Friends perceiving thus, their Hopes are crost ;
Their Judgement baffled, and their Labour lost ;
Devise new Means, since these successless prove,
Turning Discourse to every thing, but *Love*.

At length by hearing of her Name no more,
The *Youth* forgets the Flame he felt before :

From

From former *Follies*, now new *Wisdom* draws,
Harkens to *Reason*, and obeys her *Laws*.

Thus oft unthinking Men, when Faults they find,
(Altho' by Nature planted in the Mind)
For *Cure*, in vain, to rigid Methods fly,
When the best *Cure*'s to pass them silent by.

This is what ev'ry thinking Mortal knows :
This *Reason*, *Nature*, and *Experience* shows.
Then, learn, betimes *this Maxim* to obey ;
Errors, if pass'd in silence by, will of themselves
decay.

Omne ruit in pejus.

IN former times, when Learning bless'd our *Isle*,
And *Phœbus* did with kinder *Influence* smile ;
Then *Art* and *Science* daily did encrease,
And *Worth* and *Merit*, before *Wealth*, had place ;
Impartial *Justice* then unbounded sway'd ;
The *Wiseſt* govern'd, and the *Reſt* obey'd :

To Birth or Fortune, small Regard was shewn ;
 The Noble in themselves, were Noble deem'd alone.
 The Rich and Poor, alike, did Honours share ;
 Alike, *Disgrace* and *Punishment* did bear,
 Just as their *Virtues* or their *Vices* were. }
 Then, *Albion*, (happiest of happy Climes !)
 Saw golden Days, and view'd *Saturnian* Times ;
 What warlike *Heroes* did their Country grace ?
 Her Sons, in *Arts* and *Arms*, a glorious Race !
 But since *divine ASTRÆA* took her Flight,
 And back return'd to native Realms of Light,
 DULLNESS o'er all her sable Mantle cast,
 And *Ign'rance* daily more and more increas'd.
 Injustice next, and *Arrogance* took place,
 Her Sons became a base, degen'rate Race ;
 Th' Infection soon did *Oxford's* Tow'rs invade,
 And lying Flattery became a Trade.
 Then first the raw young Squire, (a *homebred* Tool,
 Or else *unpolish'd*, from the Country School)

Hither was, by *well-meaning* Parents, sent,

To *spoil* a Plowman, and to *ape* a GENT.

And lo, how MASTER alters ev'ry Day !

His *Ruffet-Coat* is chang'd to *Paduasoy*.

Those *Locks* too, late that o'er his Shoulders spread

So long, and lank, are sever'd from his Head :

Now, with *Bob-wig*, he struts along the Street,

So smart ! so trim ! so priggish ! and so neat !

Till a lac'd Waistcoat makes the Fool compleat.

With statelier Air, he now begins to move,

And, with his Dress, his Mien and Mind improve.

Now asks his *Tutor*, what is meant by *Greek* ?

And, next in Company, presumes to speak.

Of *Horses*, then his Tongue begins to run ;

And, last, he ventures on a worn-out *Pun*.

To spend his Money, is his second Care,

And prove himself Sir *Numscull's* rightful Heir :

So *drinks* the Nights, and *hunts* away the Days,

And *treats* his *Tutor*, for his *Tutor's Praise*.

Thus

Thus, more accomplish'd, he each Morn does rise,
Prais'd by the Learn'd, as learn'd himself and wise.

The *Scholar* now (of Parts tho' ne'er so bright !)
If poor, they like the meanest Vassal slight ;
Is over-aw'd by Power, restrain'd by Fear,
And scorn'd by those, who once his Equals were.
Thus **MERIT**, without Pow'r or Wealth, is vain,
No *Honours* will it, no Degrees obtain.
Pow'r, (which first of all deriv'd from *Heav'n*,
And to Mankind for *good Intentions* giv'n ;)
Is now for *Knavery* a meer Device,
A Cloak for *Rogues*, a Privilege for *Vice*.
Here oft a *Pedant* in a *Fop* is seen,
Whose Dress but ill becomes his awkward Mien ;
But scarcely one that happy Person knows,
Who both the Gentleman and Scholar shows.
Each Coxcomb, soon as in the *Master's Gown*,
On former Comrades, with contempt, looks down ;
Tho' ne'er so full *before*, is now grown wise,
And more judicious in the *Vulgar's Eyes* :

And not in *theirs* alone, the *Learned* too,
 Shew that Respect, they ne'er *before* did shew.
 So neither *Sense*, *Philosophy*, nor *Arts*,
 But 'tis the *Gown* that makes, *The Man of Parts*.

Hence *Learning* droops; the *Muses* hence retreat
 From this, their once best-lov'd, and darling Seat:
 Hence *Art*, with *Science*, quite neglected lies;
 And *Truth* and *Justice* seek their native Skies.

On the Restoration of King Charles II.

Long time, beneath the **TYRANT**'s lawless Sway,
BRITANNIA groan'd, reluctant to obey:
 Long time *her* exil'd **PRINCE**'s Fate deplored,
 And felt deep Anguish for *her* absent **LORD**.

Long time th'**USURPER**, arm'd with Pow'r and Pride,
Her Laws, *Religion*, and *her Hate* defy'd;
 Long time he strove to pull *her Glories* down,
 To slay *her Monarch*, and secure *her Crown*.

But

But Heav'n, in pity to great CHARLES's Cries,
 Asserts his Cause, and thunders from the Skies ; }
 And, lo ! the TYRANT fears, despairs, and dies.
 When warlike MONK, with gen'rous Ardour blest,
 Feels the glad *Impulse*, fire his loyal Breast ;
 From CALEDONIA's Coast his Troops he draws,
 And makes AUGUSTA own *her Sovereign's Cause*.
 When, lo ! he comes, with Acclamations crown'd,
 And *Earth* and *Ocean*, with *Huzza's* resound.
 BRITANNIA rears her joyful Head again,
 And views exulting *her own Monarch* reign.

CUPID's RIDDLE.

I.

ONE Night to sooth my love-sick Pain,
 My usual Ev'nings Walk I took ;
 My Sighs for *Celia's* hard Disdain,
 Were echo'd by a murmuring Brook.

2.

2.

So calm the gentle Breeze did move,
 I laid me by the little Stream,
 And slept ; when, lo ! the God of Love,
 Thus wanton pos'd me in a Dream.

3.

Now, *Strephon*, tell me, if you can,
 Whom will your *Celia* deign to bless ;
 Who is that happy, happy Man,
 A Lover may have leave to guess ?

4.

I, much surpriz'd at his Request,
 Awoke, but knew not what to say ;
 Pleas'd, he had thus disturb'd my Rest,
 The Urchin laugh'd, and flew away.

5.

Faith, *Celia* ! this was something odd ;
 But if he visits me again,
 Who shall I tell the little God,
 Is that too happy, happy Man ?

The

* *The Honey-Suckle and Bee.*

Within the Windings of a Wood,
A little lonely Mansion stood ;

Where, free from Care, an honest Swain,
An homely Living strove to gain.

Rich Vines around the Cottage grew,
Near which an *Honey-Suckle* blew ;
Whose spreading Branches grateful made
A pleasing, sweet and rustic Shade.

Here often wou'd the Swain repair,
Eager to breathe the fragrant Air ;
Would often under this retire,
To listen to the feather'd Choir.

But; Pleasure seldom is *sincere* ;
Soon *lost*, or often *bought* too dear.
And *that*, alas ! *which* pleases most,
But *poorly* answers all our *Cost*.

So chanc'd it to th' industrious Swain,
The *Pleasure* lost, ensu'd the *Pain*.

A *Drone-Bee*, of a dismal Hue,
 Unto this *Honey-Suckle* flew ;
 From which like *Budgel* every Day
 Extracted Sweets he stole away.
 From Flow'r to Flow'r he buzz'd around,
 And spread with blighted Leaves the Ground.

Vex'd at the Heart, the *honest Man*
 Resolv'd, the *Traitor* to trapan ;
 And straight prepar'd a subtle *Gin*,
 To catch the *wily Wand'rer* in.
 With Care and Craft, the *Trap* he lays,
 Fixing it firm between the Sprays.

The pilfring *Bee*, not *over-wise*,
 Into the *Trap*, unwary, flies.

Now springs the Tree, and shoots amain,
 Which greatly pleas'd the honest Swain ;
 While on each Spray a Blossom shines,
 And the cag'd *Bee* laments and pines :
 Some Moments pass'd, and no Relief,
 The little *Traitor* died of Grief.

But (like the Swan in mournful Sound)
First sung this Elegy profound.

“ In Gin secure, at last, I’m caught,
“ And pay for all in this one Fault.
“ See, see, the dire Effect of robbing;
“ Better for me, had I been Jobbing;
“ Botching stale Wit, low Repartee,
“ And never visited that Tree.
“ Yet, e’en Confinement don’t so grieve me,
“ As for to see (alas! believe me)
“ The Honey-Suckle fresh and fair,
“ Again with Sweets perfume the Air.
“ Unhappy me! must that still thrive,
“ Whilst piece-meal drops my rotten Hive?”

This having said, he gave a Groan.
And finish’d, with his Life, his Moan.



N n

‘Twas

'Twas I; or, *The Mulberry-Tree.*

A TALE.

A S often Wit, in merry Tale,
 Sooner than Sermons will prevail ;
 To raise the Observation higher,
Sherlock's not read so much as *Prior.*
 A Moral, wheresoe'er you hear one,
 Instructs as much in Tale as Sermon.

What Eye ne'er sees, the Heart ne'er rues ;
 Fancy forms Ills, or Ills subdues :
 From Fancy all our Sorrows rise ;
 Who thinks he's happy, happy is.
 The Lover in his Mind perplext,
 Forms every Fear with which he's vext :
 The Garter pendant from the Wood,
 The Dagger, and the murmur'ring Flood.
 The Cuckold, ign'rant of his Fate,
 Who thinks he has an honest Mate,

Not

Not minds the Templer's Taunts and Scorns,

Nor dreams he has a Pair of Horns.

Whilst jealous Dolt, upon the Rack,

Still sees his Wife upon her Back ;

And fancies every Breeze of Wind,

A Gallant, and his Lady kind ;

Is so far in Idea gone,

He butts with Horns, tho' he has none.

The Prologue is too long, say you ;

So prithee now your Tale pursue.

A Country Knight, a wanton Blade,

Was too familiar with his Maid ;

Their Assignations us'd to be

Each Morning, at a Mulberry-Tree ;

And there the Knight bestow'd on *Sue*,

What ought to be his Lady's Due :

Whilst she, quite ignorant, 'tis said,

Lay drinking Chocolate in Bed.

But, as Intrigues of such close nature,

Are still discover'd soon or later :

So was Sir *Roger's*, with his Maid,
 By an unlucky Chance, betray'd ;
 For as one Morning, they were toying,
 Kissing, hugging, and enjoying ;
 The Lady *Betty Scandal* (rat it)
 Out of her Window, saw 'em at it.
 Z—ds, quoth the Knight, she's spoil'd our Sporting,
 And will, I fear, betray our Courting.
 What shall we do, says *Sue*, for she, Sir,
 Does always tattle, what she sees, Sir ?
 Sure as a Gun, my Lady'll hear it.
 No, quoth Sir *Roger*, never fear it.
 I have a Plot will spoil her Tattling,
 And keep my Lady Wife from Rattling :
 Therefore do thou get in, dear *Sue* ;
 I'll call Wife out, and *kiss* her too.
 Accordingly he call'd his Spouse :
 What, Wife, a-bed ; fyē, Hussy, rouze !
 See, here's a Morning ; do but see ;
 Why can't you rise as soon as me ?

Get up, get up, for shame, my Dear,
 And come with me to take the Air,
 My Lady quickly rose from Bed, Sir,
 And to the Mulberry-Tree they led, Sir.
 No sooner to the Tree they came,
 Than Husband said, Come kiss me, Dame ;
 My Fancy's smitten with this Shade ;
 It seems as if for *Cupid* made.
 Observe, my Dear, that pleasant Grove,
 And every thing invites to Love.
 Thus having said, he acted o'er,
 What he had done with *Sue* before ;
 And having satisfy'd his Dame,
 They both return'd from whence they came.
 When there, my Lady cries, By four,
 Will bring my Chariot to the Door.
 To Lady *Scandal* I must pay
 My Evening's Visit ('tis her Day.)
 The Chariot came, away she drives,
 And at her Ladyship's arrives,

There .

There Complements on both sides past,
(Who should sit first, and who the last.)

They sit, and talk, and drink Bohea,
And sweeten Scandal with their Tea.

Each Virgin's Character is blown,
A Widow's Weed, a Bridal Gown :

The Parson's Wife last Week was caught
With Parish-Clerk, in Action naught.

In short, one Tale so brought on t'other,
That Lady *Scandal* could not smother,
What in Sir *Roger's* Grove she'd seen ;
Tell it she must, or burst with Spleen.

So out it goes—— I apprehend,
My Lady, it behoves a Friend,
Especially 'twixt you and me,
To tell each other, what they see.
Therefore I would advise (she said)
You'd turn away your Chambermaid :
She is a slippery Slut, nay more,
I'm very certain, she's a Whore.

Sir *Roger's* Lady.

A Whore ! pray, Ma'am, who told it you ?

Lady *Scandal*.

My Eyes can witness it is true.

Sir *Rog.* Lady.

I'm much surprized ; for I protest,

I always thought the Girl was chaste.

Lady *Scandal*.

Knew you, with whom she is so leud,

You'd send her packing — Yes—you wou'd.

But, Ma'am, to ease you of your Care,

And shew you, I'm your Friend sincere :

This Morning, as I rose, I spy'd

Sir *Roger*, with your Maid, aside,

Hugging, embracing, and caressing,

Enjoying real Wedlock's Blessing.

Sir *Rog.* Lady.

Pardon me, Madam, for 'twas me,

With whom Sir *Roger* was so free.

Lady

Lady *Scand.*

Nay, prithee, hear me out, you'll own
 The Circumstance, will change your Tone ;
 Under the Mulberry-Tree (on Honour !)
 I saw Sir *Roger* full upon her.

Sir *Rog.* Lady.

Yet you mistake, it was not she ;
 I tell you once again, 'twas me.

Lady *Scand.*

Madam, this happ'ned just at Light ;
Phœbus had scarcely banish'd Night.

Sir *Rog.* Lady.

Now really, Madam, by the by,
 It's strange, you cou'd not see 'twas I.

Lady *Scand.*

Well, since you think so, keep the Maid,
 I wish yourself may catch the Jade,
 For I'm well satisfy'd, 'twas she.

Sir *Rog.* Lady.

And I again as much, 'twas me.

Both Ladies parted in a Pett ;
And Sue's Sir Roger's Mistres yet.

*To a LIMNER on the Death of his
Son.*

A Midst the Sorrows for a Son, so dear,
Permit a Youth, to mix a friendly Tear :
Though small the Tribute ; this to Love we owe ;
This Friendship claims, and Nature must bestow.

Oft, in my Study, as intent I read
The learned Pages of th' immortal Dead ;
If there some pleasing Character I find,
Some rising Youth to endless Fame consign'd ;
Tis then, my Friend, my Comrade strikes my Mind.

Oft, on my Pillow, as I seek for Rest,
Where Toil finds Ease, and Peace the troubled Breast,
When *Midnight* reigns, in awful Pomp, serene,
And not a Voice is heard, nor Light is seen ;

oo

Then

Then melancholy *Thoughts*, and *Forms* arise,
And fancy'd *Visions* glance athwart my Eyes.

Then at my Feet the dear-lov'd Youth appears,
Breaks on my Rest, and calls afresh for Tears.
Methinks, again, I see him Face to Face,
And ev'ry Line, and ev'ry Feature trace.

Each Word, each Action, in my Brain revives,
And — (oh, were't in reality !) he lives.

Alas ! Repining but augments our Pain ;
And if not impious, yet at least 'tis vain :
For HE that gave us Life, and HE alone,
With Justice can remand it, as *his own*.

Yet still the Sentence too severe may shew,
Just as to Manhood, and to Arts he grew ;
Just when Ambition did his Bosom fire,
To rise in Skill, and emulate his Sire ;
That partial Death should snatch th' aspiring Boy,
The Father's chiefest Hope, the Mother's darling Joy.

But *Heav'n's* Decrees, tho' rigid, oft are just ;
The *Gem* too precious was on Earth to trust :

To others, *farther* Periods are assign'd,
 To purge from Vice the *long-polluted* Mind ;
 But He, though young, the distant *Goal* did win ;
 And only *ended*, where the rest *begin*.

Then cease thy *Tears*, mine Eyes ! my Heart thy
 Moan !

Nor weep a Fate, more happy than your own !
 Destin'd more *Tears*, more busy Cares to try,
 And then, perhaps, *far less* prepar'd, to die.

Ev'n You have Reason, *Sir*, to be at rest ;
 Blest in your *Wife*, in your fair Daughters blest :
 What Pen can well describe *Marg'retta's* Worth,
 Thy first in *Beauty*, as thy first in *Birth* ?

Oh ! to your Art, had I but *equal* Fire !
 To her, I'd tune my Voice, I'd string my Lyre ;
 In Bloom of Youth, I'd *paint* an Angel bright,
 And in my Verses, mingle *Shade* and *Light* ?
 Both *Wit* and *Art*, I'd try ; nor *blush* to own,
 That *Nature* had both *Wit* and *Art* out-done.

Modesty in Disgrace; or, Assurance the Way to win a Woman.

O'ER the wide *Forest*, o'er the lonely *Plain*,
 Unhappy *DAMON* walks, yet walks in vain;
 Through *Woods* and *Groves* in vain for Ease he
 flies,

The *Woods* and *Groves* are deaf to *Damon's* Cries.
 Where'er for *Peace* or *Shelter*, *Damon* goes,
 No *Peace* he finds, no *Shelter* from his *Woes*;
 Oft, to the purling *Streams* he vents his *Grief*,
 The purling *Streams* afford him no *Relief*.
 " Alas ! (he cries) malicious *Fate* design'd
 " CLORIS as cruel, as her *DAMON*'s kind.
 " What *Man* cou'd do, I've done ; yet all in vain;
 " Vain is my *Love*, and fruitless is my *Pain*.
 " Haye I, in what I ever did, or said,
 " The least unchaste, immodest Thought betray'd?
 " To hide my *Flames*, have I not daily strove?
 " But all in vain ! she sees, yet scorns my *Love*.

" Why

" Why do I then persist to be abus'd ?
 " My Love derided, and my Pray'rs refus'd.
 " Shame to my Manhood ! to my Sense Disgrace !
 " To live a Captive to a Woman's Face !
 " Oh ! as in Body, were she fair in Mind !
 " Then might I hope Returns of Love to find :
 " But as she's not, no more I'll humbly move ;
 " 'Tis not the way to gain a Woman's Love.
 " Woman must be by Force, or Folly won ;
 " 'Tis not by Sense, or Merit to be done.
 • Then *farewel*, Merit ! *farewel* Truth and Sense !
 " And in your stead, assist me, Impudence !
 " Thus arm'd, and thus resolv'd, I'll stand the Field,
 " And die myself, or force her Pride to yield."

Thus said — when lo ! the haughty Nymph appears,
 And with a *Toss* her Head *contemptuous* rears ;
 Full in his Face, her Eyes disdainful roll ;
 Fear *damps* his Spirits ; Fear *dissolves* his Soul.

Oh !

Oh! DAMON, where is now thy Courage fled?
 To fall, or vanquish, sure was nobly said,
 And worthy thee ; but nobler, worthier far
 Are Deeds, than Words in Love, as in the War.

Now pale, now mute, late-vaunting DAMON lies,
 Nor dares to raise his Head, or lift his Eyes ;
 At sight of which, the Nymph, with cold disdain,
 Offers abruptly to depart the Plain.

While various Doubts, poor DAMON's Quiet break ;
 He fears his Silence, yet he dares not speak.
 Reason at length, his Error plainly shows,
 The present Danger no Suspence allows.
 From *Contraries* the *like Effects* may rise,
 And Fear, the Place of Valour oft supplies.
 Thus Fear to him, both Words and Courage gives,
 By Fear urg'd on, DAMON again revives.

He grasps her Hand, he looks with wishful Eye,
 While from his Lips these tender Accents fly.

“ Why shuns, *my Love*, why shuns she my Embrace?
 “ By Heav'ns ! you must not, shall not leave this place.

“ Why

“ Why should we here new Cause for Quarrels find,
 “ Here in this sacred Place for Love design’d ?
 “ Where ev’ry *Grove*, where ev’ry shady *Bow’r*,
 “ Proclaims, and speaks *Love’s* great, *Love’s* mighty
 “ *Pow’r*.

“ See ! how the twinkling Tapers of the Night
 “ Shine, as with Envy which shou’d seem most bright ?
 “ Yet shine in vain ; in vain their Light display,
 “ Before your Eyes their fainter Rays decay.
 “ Before your Eyes, lo ! DAMON bends his Knee ;
 “ DAMON, who loves, admires, and worships thee.
 “ Oh ! grant my Wish ! my faithful Vows regard !
 “ And with Returns of Love, my Love reward ! ”
 Thus sues the Swain, the Nymph with languid Eyes
 Faintly resists, but willingly complies.

Now, whilst he lies entranc’d in all her Charms,
 Rif’ling her Sweets, and rev’ling in her Arms ;
 The *Moon* resplendent pours her *Silver Light* }
 The *Birds* awake, and *Musick* glads the Night ; }
 Soft Zephyrs blow, and od’rous *Flow’rs* Delight. }

“ How

" How cou'd we thus, thus long, (says DAMON) live
 " Depriv'd of Love, which such vast Joys can give?
 " How cou'd you thus long treat me with Disdain,
 " Relentless, and regardless of my Pain ?
 " Did not I ever with Submission low,
 " And, like a Suppliant, at your Altar bow ?
 " Scarce durst I name what most I wish'd, but strove,
 " For fear of a Repulse, to hide my Love.
 " Ah ! DAMON, (Says she) sure the Reason's plain,
 " Shou'd I have sued because you fear'd Disdain?
 " Or, cou'd you hope, with puritanick Face,
 " E'er in my Heart to gain a Lover's place ?
 " No — if in Love you wou'd the *Victor* ride,
 " Be bold, and throw that *saint-like* Mask aside.
 " 'Tis not the *Grave*, the *Bashful*, we approve,
 " The *modest* Man's the *veriest Fool* in Love.
 " Must we (says DAMON) then transgress the Rules
 " Of Modesty, or else be counted Fools ?
 " In some things Modesty (says she) may do ;
 " But not when *Lawyers* plead, or *Lovers* woo.

Thought

" Though *Priests* extol it, when for want of Sense,
 " They rail 'gainst Vice with modest Impudence ;
 " Yet what avails their praising it, unless
 " Their Deeds assure us, what their Words express ?
 " Who'd mind the *Priest* else, though he Truth
 " declares ?
 " Who'd mind the Lover, tho' he vows and swears ?
 " He that desires to gain the wish'd-for Maid,
 " Must soon by *Actions* prove the *Words* he said.
 " *Actions* can best reveal the Lover's Mind,
 " For no *substantial Sense* in Words we find :
 " Now let him sue, now tell an am'rous Tale,
 " Now touch her Hand, her—— he'll soon prevail,
 " A weak Repulse or so, he must not mind,
 " When she seems cruel most, she most is kind.
 " Thus he, with ease, by e'ry Glance, may know,
 " Her Eyes, her Looks, her Frowns, her Love will
 " show.
 " No wonder then, says DAMON, since I strove
 " To gain at distance, that I lost your Love.

P p

" Oh!

" Oh ! had this Secret been before but mine.
 " But (thank the Gods !) I need not now repine :
 " I ne'er shall miss the Time I spent in vain,
 " Thy Love has doubly now repaid my Pain.
 " Thus, like a Man, who seeks in *Mines* for *Ore*,
 " Does a long time the *barren* Earth explore ;
 " Yet if at length the *long-sought* Vein he spies,
 " The *Toil* he minds not, since he gains the Prize ;
 " So after all my Cares, my Torments past,
 " Thy Love comes sweeter, as it comes at last."

Thus said, he clasp'd her in his eager Arms,
 And then again enjoy'd her blooming Charms.

But PHOEBUS now with eastern Beams does rise,
 And with resplendent Glories gilds the Skies ;
 NIGHT by his golden Rays he drives away,
 And *wakes* again the Labours of the DAY.
 NATURE again revives, and looks more fair,
 All hail his *Presence*, but the loving Pair.
 To them the *Night's* more welcome than the *Day*,
 The one gives Joys, which t'other takes away.

Unwillingly they leave the *conscious* Plain,
And part with Grief, but vow to meet again.

Polly and Pugg ; or, the Fate of Favourites.

AN old malicious Ape, being dead,
Descended to th' infernal Shade,
And begg'd of honest *Pluto* there,
To send him back to upper Air.
Who thought to turn him to an Ass ;
To cure him of his Tricks and Brats.
His fond Desire of Dress and Show,
And Emulation of a Beau :
But he, like *R—b* the Harlequin,
That best Physician for the Spleen,
Soon mov'd the Deity to sneer ;
And by his maggotty Career,
So pleas'd him, that the merry God,
E'en bid him take what Shape he wou'd.

P p 2

With

With that, the Ape desir'd to be
 A Parrot, of first Quality;
 For then, (says he) when in that state,
 Still I Mankind may imitate.
 For as an Ape, their Acts were mine ;
 But now a Parrot, I shall shine,
 At Ring, at Park, at Play, and Ball,
 Politely talking with them all.
 He spoke ; and *Pluto* turn'd the Ape
 Into a gaudy Parrot's Shape :
 And then to ease him of his Pain,
 He toss'd him up to Earth again.

A young Court-Lady there, of Fashion,
 Purchas'd him for her Recreation.
 He, by his Talk and pert Behaviour,
 Soon crept into his Lady's Favour :
 Nay, it is said, obtain'd such Grace,
 To turn the Lap-Dog out of Place ;
 For in his room he lay all Night
 With her, whilst *Puggy* snarl'd for spite ;

Sometimes

Sometimes he'd in her Chariot ride,
 And chatter Nonsense by her side ;
 Sometimes upon her Hand he'd play,
 And drive his Foe the Spleen away ;
 Now flutter this, and now that Wing,
 And *Caro si* most sweetly sing ;
 Thus, ever happy, ever gay,
 His Life in pleasure pass'd away.

But Life, how frail a thing art thou ;
 Ne'er sure, but in the present *Now* ?
 How transitory, how soon ending,
 Are all the Joys on thee attending ?
 Poor *Puggy* vex'd at his Disgrace,
 And seeing *Poll* engross his Place,
 Thus spoke. Alas ! how hard's my Fate !
 That Bird does all my Ills create.
 He by my Lady's highly prais'd,
 While I, poor *Puggy*, am despis'd.
 Upon the Ground, while *Puggy* lies,
 And vents his Griefs in envious Sighs,

Thrice

Thrice happy *Polly* takes his Rest
 Upon *Corinna's* panting Breast.
 Was it for this, so oft in Bed,
 I've pleas'd her, while she kindly said :
 " Dear *Puggy*, ah ! to me so dear,
 " No Lover can with thee compare.
 " No Youth shall ever lie with me,
 " Thou still my Bedfellow shall be.
 But now, alas ! those Joys must end ;
 (Who'd on a Lady's Word depend !)
 Since *Polly* has my Place engross'd,
 And all my Happiness is lost ;
Revenge shall give me Comfort still,
 That upstart Bird, these Teeth shall kill.
 I'll sacrifice him to my Hate ;
 I've said it, and my Will is Fate.
 Thus envious *B——e*, I've seen,
 Against great *W——e* vent his Spleen ;
 Endeavour to destroy, with Lyes,
 A Fame, to which he ne'er cou'd rise ;

Vow to revenge his sad Disgrace,
 And turn his Better out of Place.
 But, Heav'n ! avert his vile Intent ;
 Still vainly let him Libels vent.
 To higher Fame may *W—e* rise,
 Nor let the Parrot's Fate be his.

Puggy, on Murder thus design'd,
 (For nought cou'd change his settled Mind)
 One Day, as *Polly* took a Nap,
 His downy Bed, *Corinna's* Lap ;
Puggy jump'd up, and by the Crown,
 He dragg'd the sleeping Parrot down.
 In vain did fair *Corinna* cry ;
Pug was resolv'd the Bird must die ;
 And while upon the Ground he lay,
 Thus he exulted o'er his Prey.
 Now, *Polly*, now, thou may'st depend,
 Thy Joys, as well as mine, shall end :
 Thou shalt no more my Rival be ;
 And since I die, thou dy'st with me.

Death

Death is by me more glorious prais'd,
 Than to live, out of Place, despis'd.
 But first thee, upstart Bird, I'll slay ;
 For me— why be it as it may.
 Thus, saying, with a furious Bite,
 He slew the unhappy Favourite.

Corinna vex'd a Day or two ;
 But what wou'd Grief and Sorrow do ?
 O'er *Poll* she built a little Tomb,
 Then got another in his Room.

On a Lady asking me, what is a Prude ?

WHAT is a *Prude*, does *Cloe* ask ?
 She's a sworn Foe to ev'ry Beauty :
 I'll make her Character my Task,
 Since you command, it is my Duty.
 'Tis one, who Forty must attain,
 As ugly be as any Satyr,

Dif.

Displays an hypocritick Vein,
 And be replenish'd with Ill-nature ;
 Who'll rail amidst a Multitude,
 And Rakes and all, let drive at,
 Yet is like *Drury* Strumpet leud,
 With any Man she meets in private.

* *On a Lady's Necklace and Solitaire.*

LAURA! in vain, upon your Neck are seen
 The Pearl, the Diamond, and the Emerald
 green ;
 Whose Force united in one mingl'd Glare,
 Form the rich Lustre of the Solitaire.
 Those glitt'ring Gems a-while our Eyes employ ;
 A-while they give a superficial Joy :
 But on your Neck, when we with Transport gaze,
 Where native Pearls, and brilliant Beauties blaze ;
 So sensibly their Influence is prov'd,
 The Soul is touch'd— and the whole Man is mov'd.

**To a Lady who desir'd to be the Subject of
my next POEM.*

WH Y does *Dorinda* thus impose
So great a Task on him,
Who (conscious of her Beauties) knows,
How difficult's the Theme ?

Who can describe that heav'nly Face,
That easy Shape of thine ;
When 'tis impossible to trace,
Or image Things divine ?

How is it possible to speak,
And on those Charms discourse ?
How vain is Language ! Words how weak !
To give them all their Force.

Accept then, Fair-One ! this Excuse,
Nor partially upbraid,
Since mine is but a Stripling Muse,
A Novice in her Trade.

* *On a young Lady's drawing a fine Figure on Paper.*

Prometheus with a Soul (they say)

Inform'd a lifeless Lump of Clay:

But you, ev'n Paper so contrive,

It breathes,— it speaks,— and is alive.

Against MATRIMONY.

Curst be the *Law* (but doubly curst

C The *Wretch*, that *it* enacted first !

Which all Mankind t' a married Life

Confines, and damns *them* with a *Wife* !

Some *Dæmon* sure, or else at least,

Some wicked, base, designing *Priest*,

To plague the World began the Trade,

Which *none* but *Fools* have since obey'd.

Priests after *Priests*, from hence we see,

For *Gain*, in concert still agree,

To cheat Mankind of Liberty.

}

Hence CELIA's thousand blooming Charms,

Must bless but *one weak* Mortal's Arms.

PHILLIS the young, the fair, the gay,

Must, *half untasted*, pine away.

CLOE, *whose ev'ry Look can move*,

In ev'ry Breast the Pangs of Love :

Her Beauties may on *One* bestow,

Who sees, but not conceives *them* so.

Tyrannick Law ! impos'd on Man,

When *Fraud* and *Priesthood* first began :

Restrainer of *our Right* to rove !

Thou Bane of *Friendship* and of *Love* !

Oh ! wou'd my Wishes reach the Skies ;

Then *high* in *Vengeance* shou'd they rise ;

Red Light'ning then shou'd arm my Hand,

And drive *Thee* flaming from the Land.

Or had I pow'r to break thy Chain,

And Liberty restore again ;

Then would I act without Controul,

Each *God-like* Dictate of my Soul ;

From *Female* unto *Female* rove,
 'Till I had run *the Round of Love.*

To Mrs. *E. M.* at *Darken*; known by the Name
 of the *Mitcham* Beauty. Being the 3d Epistle
 to that Lady.

*Thus love-sick Sappho, at the point of Death,
 Revil'd her Phaon, for his breach of Faith.*

PErmit, dear *Nymph*, tho' banish'd from your
 Sight,

The Youth deny'd to speak, at least to write ;
 Insult not o'er a Wretch, who can't appear ;
 But read with pity, what you would not hear.
 Oh ! let these Lines receive a kinder Doom,
 Than I could hope, should I presume to come.

See yet my *Sorrows*, e'er it be too late,
 Confess I have deserv'd a better Fate.

Think on a Youth despis'd, to Love betray'd,
 And mourn the Ravages your Eyes have made.

The swelling Heart still labours, tho' in vain,
 Its long-lost much-lov'd Freedom to regain.
 You, like a Tyrant, at it's Bondage smile,
 Yet flatt'ring Hope supports the Wretch a while.

Vain

Vain Hope ! thou Phantom born in troubled Seas,
Nurst in despairing Souls, and by the Mind's Disease.

Tho' Constancy by Falshood is o'ercome,
Your tender Breast may yet give pity room.

Oh ! no, since kinder Love is flown away,
That Sweet'ner Pity has refus'd to stay :

Then wherefore to lost *Cloe* should I write,
For Love, or Pity's sake—since both have ta'en their
flight.

There was a time, when I was not despis'd,
When all that *Damon* did was idoliz'd :
There was a time, when gentle *Cloe* own'd,
She ne'er could wear a Smile, when *Damon* frown'd :
There was a time—But give thy Folly o'er,
Cease to repeat the Joys, you'll taste no more.
The Face of things is alter'd, and the Scene
Now shut, would hide the Pleasures that have been.
The haughty Nymph, subservient to her Pride,
Would all her Folly, and thy Fondness, hide.

Cloe,

Cloe, who kindly hath thy Praises heard,
 Against Almighty Vanity has err'd,
 In fondly list'ning to her Lover's Tale,
 And letting o'er her Pride her Love prevail.
 But to attone for that small Good, she flies,
 Unheeding of her once-lov'd *Damon*'s Sighs.

Mind not, my Heart, the false deluding Fair,
 She wrong'd thy Love, and merits not thy Care.
 In a Coquet true Love can never be ;
 Then be thou fickle too, be false as she.

Where, my transported Fancy, wouldst thou rove?
 What art thou sunk? Do'st thou subside to love,
 Like a small Wave, that rising on the Strand,
 Just beats against, and then departs from Land.
 A Bubble, or old rapid Ocean's Phlegm,
 Which rises, breaks, and mingles with the Stream ;
 Thy high uplifted Soul the Heav'ns would greet,
 Soars to the Clouds, then falls at *Cloe*'s Feet.

Forgive, my Fair, the Effects of Love and Rage,
 Which combating, like Wind and Tide, engage.

You'll

You'll say, perhaps, that mine's a guilty Flame ;
 Can Love be guilty, when 'tis Nature's Claim ?
 Rove round the World, and ev'ry Species see,
 Bill not the feather'd Warblers on the Tree ?
 Does not that Flame e'en scaly Fishes move ;
 Do Earth's Inhabitants forget to love ?
 No ! *Cupid* in each Species makes his Claim ;
 For Doves, Leviathans, and Tygers feel the Flame.

Suppose, say you, the human World's polite ;
 Did *Eloisa Abelardus* slight ?
 They long liv'd happy in unbounded Love,
 Till forc'd by cruel Parents to remove :
 But even then, fair *Elois'* was true
 And constant, as to Eve the falling Dew.
 As soaring Larks to fair *Aurora's* Blush ;
 As Spring to Fields, or Warblers to the Bush :
 Yet Fame still hovers round the Lover's Tomb,
 And tells their Truth to Ages yet to come.
 Then urge no more Excuses, which are none ;
 But say, false Maid, break Heart, and be undone.

Say rather CLOE, you're resolv'd to hate,
 Say you have spoke, — and what you speak is Fate :
 Or, if you shou'd relent, and kindly save
 A Love-sick Wretch some Minutes from the Grave ;
 The Gloom dispers'd, behold the Change will prove
 A Miracle to Nature, new to Love :
 The Sun will rise, and Joy illumine me,
 The Sun all chearless, till that Day I see ;
 The Stars will shine, till then 'twill be a Night,
 Like Chaos e'er the Lord created Light.

* *On the PICTURE of a Fair Libertine.*

WHILST others curb'd by Virtue's empty
 Charms,

Confine their Joys to a dull Husband's Arms ;

This Fair's by no such Notions led astray,

But Nature's noblest Dictates dare obey,

Free as the Winds, and uncontroul'd as Day.

R r

Happy

Happy for us, that she's as kind as fair,
 And won't disdain a suppliant Lover's Prayer :
 For were she chaste, as is her Form divine,
 No one would kneel at any other's Shrine ;
 But all Men's Wishes there wou'd center take,
 And leave the World unpeopled for her sake.

An EPISTLE to Miss L_y L_g.

WHilst carping Critics Rules censorious use,
 To stop the Flight of each aspiring Muse,
 Shall I, through Fear of their malicious Spight,
 Lay down my Pen, and e'en desist to write ?
 No, —— though unworthy of the Task I claim ;
 I'll pay this Tribute to your growing Fame.
 But, oh ! I fear my too too humble Lays
 Can't soar so high as your deserving Praise,
 Nor paint the Beauties of your generous Mind,
 As Turtles *meek*, as Heav'n you came from — *kind*.

Forgive

Forgive the Muse, then, who attempts to sing,
 And boldly *risques* your Fame, upon her feeble
 Wing.

Whether the Town or Country be your Care,
 The Poor and Aged your kind Blessings share :
 While tattling Girls, in hideous Ridicule,
 Sneer at the Old, and yet embrace a *Fool*.
 How wide from them, how very different you,
 A nobler, a more Christian Path pursue.

When near some purling Stream repos'd we find
 Thee, blooming Maid ! well tutoring thy Mind ;
 Divinely soaring in th' ethereal Way,
 And searching after GOD, the long, laborious Day.

At other Hours, to please a chosen Friend,
 From that sweet Study you your Mind unbend.
 To Love's soft Theme, your equal Thoughts incline,
 And in sweet Melody your Voices join ;
 Each in your Turns, some heavy Tale relate,
 Big with the *Crisis* of some Virgin's Fate ;

The blooming Idol of the flow'ry Mead !
 By perjur'd, false, and faithless Man betray'd :
 Then, from your Eyes, how readily will flow
 The big round Drops, in pity to her *Woe*,
 While the censorious Slander-spreading Crew
 Vilely asperse the Fair, —— nor mourn like you.
 Thus, Day by Day, your Life's Instructions yield
 Your chosen Study, or the fragrant Field.

But when the fiery God once slacks his Race,
 And nipping Winds the verdant Trees disgrace,
 The chilly Season angry at your Joys,
 Hither, to Hurry, and ungrateful Noise,
 Speeds your Return. While some unhappy Swain
 Mourns your *Departure*, in some moving *Strain*.

E'en there, the Life selected, that you lead,
 Our modern *Belles* should imitate indeed ;
 Should, of their Spleen divested, calmly view,
 And pay, unask'd, and own your Merit, *due*.

Against

Against AMBITION.

I.

A WAY AMBITION, with thy gaudy Trains
 Of Pride, Pomp, Luxury, and all those Ills,
 Which to procure, we strive with so much pains,
 And lose our Ease, to please our boundless Wills.
 Restless Pursuit! When rising Fancy flies,
 Painting out Riches, Kingdoms, Monarchs :

The heaving Breast
 Can gain no Rest,
 Whilst lab'ring Thoughts new Mountains raise
 Of *airy* Honour, *airy* Praise :
 Thus, whilst the Beggar swells with empty State,
 And the fir'd Soul, wou'd in itself be great ;
 The abject Body feels a wretched Weight !

II.

Alas! how foolish are the Pains we take,
 To gain the Trifle that is now in view,

With

With how much Guilt the sordid Trash we rake,
That flies th' Embrace, as fast as we pursue !

Which, scarce possest, the Soul again
Mounts in a new, and higher Strain :
The so much long'd-for Joy has lost its Taste,
And we, with Toil, after new Visions haste.
At length, quite wearied with the fruitless Chace,
We sink in aiming at a higher Place,
And our Ambition meets with low Disgrace.

III.

How faint the Pleasure guilty Actions bring !
How short their Durance, and how sharp their Sting !
Repeated Ills must gain us Rest,
New Schemes of Folly fill the Breast :
For Thought, and Recollection, Daggers prove,
'Tis Death, the Ashes of past Ills to move ;
Yet CONSCIENCE, the dread Judge, 'twixt *Good*
and *Ill*,
Sometimes prevails, and triumphs o'er the Will :

Then

Then cou'd we see the vicious Soul
 Amidst ten thousand Tortures roll,
 Behold the dreadful Conflict that's within,
 The just and sure Reward of wilful Sin,
 Sure we shou'd die, to think what Wretches we
 have been.]

On passing through a WINE-CELLAR.

AS when of old, by God-like *Moses* led,
 The *Israelites* from *Egypt's* Tyrant fled;
 Through the *Red-Seas*, on foot, their Course they
 steer'd,
 Nor *Pharaoh's* Host, nor *Pharaoh's* self they
 fear'd :
 Great *Moses'* Rod the raging Seas obey'd,
 The raging Seas an open Passage made;
 The *parting* Waters *rising* Bulwarks form'd,
 Nor longer (now condens'd) the Billows storm'd.

The

The *Israelites*, rejoicing at the Sight,
 Through Paths untry'd, precipitate their Flight:
 Unhurt, undaunted, they, with chearful Eyes,
 Saw on each Side the *quiet* Ocean rise.
 So through this *redder* Sea, without Dismay,
 Unhurt, undaunted we pursue our Way:
 At length, through darksome, winding Caverns led,
 We stopt with lightsome Heels, and loaded Head.
 Oh *Moses*! had this been th' *Egyptian* Sea,
 Thy Host had had a sorry Guide in thee; }
 For much, I fear, thou'dst been as drunk as we.

On the same.

Through the *Red-Sea*, on foot, of old, we
 read,
 How *Moses* did the fav'rite *Hebrews* lead.
 What Deed to brag of, *Moses*? even we
 Have pass'd a redder, and more potent Sea.

Then

Then so much more our Courage was than thine ;
 Thy Sea was Water, but our Sea was Wine !

The Modern Fine Gentleman.

BRED up by Parents' arbitrary Rules,
 The unread Ideot scoffs the letter'd Schools:
Latin and *Greek* ! — The crabbed Study needs
 A harder Head than *his*. — Thus, *Numpy* pleads.
 The fondling Parents, ever meek and mild,
 Consent to spoil the Man, to please the Child :
 So e'en at home the Baby Brute's to stay
 To *con* his Horn-book, or with Nurse to *play*.
 Laborious Task ! — But bless'd with *nat'r'l* Parts,
 The Youth transports his *Bigot Parents* Hearts,
 Who pleas'd, observe, How he *his Learning* gains,
 How *strong* his Genius, and how *fine* his Brains.
 And rig'rous Tutors as pedantic scorn,
 Fond to believe — The Boy's a Scholar *born*.

S f

But

But now, a nobler Study asks his Care,
 A Study ever pleasing to the Fair :
 With red-heel'd Shoe, and scarlet Stocking grac'd,
 To a spruce Spark the pretty Master's plac'd ;
 A Dancing Sir ! whose Heels exceed our Brain ;
 Else why should hapless Poets write in vain,
 And *Pantomime* excel the Muses Strain.

ERON no more shall raise her tow'ring Head,
 Nor boast her Sons : For lo ! all Learning's fled ;
 The Muse that nestled there, now droops her Wing,
 No Bard remains her flow'ry Meads to sing,
 The rural Lasses, or the bubbling Spring :
 Learning despis'd, each flies it, and pursues
 What with more Pleasure, greater Ease accrues.

Dancing ! 'tis that the Sons of *Cat-gut* prize.
 " With what an Air he sinks ! with what a Grace
 to rise !
 " How straight the Leg ! how finely turn'd the
 Toe !
 " How pois'd the Body, and how fram'd to go !"

Thus

Thus FRANÇOIS cry'd. Enraptur'd with the Child,
 The tender Mother's Joy, grows perfect wild ;
 She sees his Motions in the winding Dance,
 " O how he takes *whatever* comes from *France* ! "

In this fine Art, still more and more t' excel,
 Each *Masquerade* he haunts, and bears at each the
Bell ;

Dress'd in Brocade, well plaister'd up his Hair,
 He shines a Tyrant o'er each captive Fair ;
 With each *Sir Fopling* he acquaintance makes,
 And enters *Member* in the *Club of Rakes* ;
 Damns, drinks, and swears, affronts, but does not
 fight ;

Let naked Swords blood-thirsty Men delight ;
 Let them their Conquests, he'll his own declare,
 How follow'd, and how courted by the Fair !
 How Billetedoux in Rows his Toilette press,
 Sweet as the Essence, that perfumes his Dress :
 Then his fine Judgment to the World to prove,
 The Wretch must talk of Flames, of Darts, and Love ;

Must feign the Passion, howsoe'er he lies,
 And fall a Victim to one Lady's Eyes :
 For what's the Fop, or what's the Man of Dress,
 Without a fav'rite Nymph his Hours to bless ?
 Or who so dull, but *Cupid's* poignant Dart
 Will find an Entrance, and secure the Heart ?

For this, round *Drury's Hundreds* he will range,
 Haunt *Fleet-street Alleys*, and survey th' *Exchange* ;
 Boast of Intrigues ; a most ensnaring Life !

What Cit he *cuckolded*, how *pleas'd* the Wife.
 At length, the *Fop* some tawdry *Gipsey* sees,
 Whose *Monmouth-Suit* is bought by Vice's Fees ;
 Whose radiant Eyes the Lamps of Heaven show,
 Whose Skin is whiter than the falling Snow.
 Thus he, in Extasy, her Charms runs o'er,
 And spreads an Angel's Veil around a Whore.
 Strangely ensnar'd, he languishes, he dies,
 And burns to make the crafty Dame his Prize,
 Whilst she, with coy Repulse, his Suit denies : }

But

But with that Faintness her Repulses are,
 They serve as Baits to lead him to the Snare.
 Thus, for a while, she flily acts her Part,
 Torments his Breast, and racks his bleeding Heart :
 But lest her Frowns should all her Hopes destroy,
 At length she yields to bless the *Baby-Boy* ;
 Permits, at last, his eager Hand to rove
 Around her Neck, and Breasts, the Seat of Love.
 Always with her the Day, the Night he spends,
 Pleas'd with his Conquest, he forgets his Friends :
 In costly Treats the sparkling Guinea's fly,
 Whilst Toys and Trinkets both, their Place supply.
 But soon, ah soon ! this visionary Scene
 Fled from his Sight, and prov'd the faithless Quean.
 O'ercome with Wine, as Morn he slept away,
 While *Phæbus* shone with more resplendent Ray,
 Th' unthinking Sot is, by the artful Jade,
 To Ruin, Shame, and Poverty, betray'd ;
 His Pockets rifled, and departs in state,
 Deck'd with the Trappings of his lost Estate.

Now

Now free of her, and free too of his Right,
 He walks bewilder'd ; Wretch bereft of Light !
 Poor, penniless, he roams, devoid of Bread,
 And knows no Pillow for his aching Head ;
 While pungent Pains rack e'ry failing Part,
 Tortment his Spirits, and infest his Heart ;
 In odious Blotches swells the pimpled Skin,
 And foully tells the dread Disease within.
 Where shall he fly, or where his Health secure,
 No Doctor, now, will do the needy Cure.
 Near *Surry*'s fertile Fields, a Mansion stands,
 That for such Wretches opes her friendly Hands ;
 There walks he in, there seeks for Cure in vain,
 Not Mercury itself can ease his Pain :
 Day after Day, he finds his Health depart,
 And falls a Victim to the pois'nous Dart.
 Creeps on his wasting Legs, about the *Ward* ;
 Nor breathes the Air, nor ventures in the Yard.
 Now sinks his Speech, now languishes his Eyes ;
 True Martyr to the Cause ! rots, stinks, and dies.

Warm

Warm Quarters in the Winter.

IN War's dreadful Tumults, *Bellofus*' delighting,
Affirm'd, that an Enemy's Wounds were
inviting.

True Honour alone was obtain'd in the Wars,
And nothing more glorious than Bruises and
Scars.

But the Season being spent for Murders and
Saughters,

Bellofus's Regiment march'd into Quarters;
To riot and wallow, till Spring should again
Invite 'em to Arms, in a second Campaign.

One Night it so happen'd *Bellofus* being drunk,
He stoutly assaulted the Room of a Punk;
With Courage invincible forces the Door,
And *Ventre à Ventre* engag'd the young Whore.
The Effect of the Battle, few Hours made plain,
And shew'd, that their Honours had both got a
Stain.

Like

Like Splinters of Bombs, (not Needles or Pins)
 The poisonous Venom his Head, Back, and Shins,
 By Fits, and by Starts, here and there, it assails;
 He curses, and swears; then weeps, and then rails;
 To the bitter Deceiver, the Cause of his Woe!
 As well as he's able, prepares him to go.
 When come to the Door, he finds Madam within,
 And stoutly upbraids her with the damnable Sin.
 She coolly reply'd, —— Do you rail, Sir, at *Fire*;
 Why, *Pricking* and *Shooting* is what you admire!

On a Female ROPE-DANCER.

An EPIGRAM.

UPON the Rope, with what an Air
 The cunning Gypsy treads!
 Careless she seems, with artful Care,
 And fearless, whilst she dreads.

With ev'ry Spring she does allure ;

With ev'ry Bound surprize ;

Like skilful Divers still secure,

She sinks, again to rise.

*To the Ingenious Mr. W——R H——T, on
his incomparable, incomprehensible ESSAY
on SATIRE.*

HAIL, ALBION ! once for *martial* Acts
renown'd ;

But happier now with *peaceful* Laurels crown'd.

Around each Head *poetick* Bays shall twine,

And ev'ry *Mævius* like a *Virgil* shine.

Sure never Age like this ! in Nature's spite,

Genius, or not ; the same ; they all can write.

With Words, devoid of Thought, they hope to
please,

And tuneful Nonsense pen with *labour'd* Ease.

Superior to the rest, to H——r appears!
 And with *majestic* Strut his Form he rears :
 Intent on Satire, *Statius* is despis'd ;
 But *Satire*, sure, was ne'er so *satiriz'd*!
 Thy *Essay*, H——r, immortal as thy Fame,
 To future Times, shall eternize thy Name :
 Ages on Ages, may for ever pass,
 Thou, on thy own Record, shalt stand an Ass!

An Epigram from Martial.

A Like in Temper, and alike in Life,
 A cross-grain'd Husband, and a peevish Wife;
 When thou, so like her art; she, so like thee ;
 I wonder, so great Likeness can't agree.



On a Statue of JULIUS CÆSAR, representing him crown'd with Laurel, leaning on a Globe, a Book in one Hand, and a Sword in the other; with this Inscription, EX UTROQUE CÆSAR.

Such CÆSAR was; with such majestick Brow,
And awful Front, he met th' approaching Foe.
Such at PHARSALIA, was the Hero seen,
Such his stern Look, and such his Godlike Mien,
Calm amidst Dangers, 'midst Alarms serene!
So, when alive, the Warrior's Head was crown'd,
And Laurel-Wreaths the Victor's Temples bound:
So, when alive, o'er Arts and Arms he reign'd,
One Hand the Book, and one the Sword sustain'd;
To shew his Wisdom rul'd the World, his Valour
gain'd.



*Answer to an Epistle, from a Friend in
the Country.*

BElieve me HARRY, you're mistaken quite;
The Town affords me no such gay Delight;
Careless I pass the melancholy Day,
And the dull Night creeps heavily away.
For what is Pleasure to a Man confin'd,
But the worst *Phantom* that can tease the Mind,
Like raging Lust with Impotency join'd?
'Tis Hell on Earth; a *Tantalus's* Treat,
To starve in Plenty, when provok'd to eat.
Sure, HARRY, 'tis the greatest Curse of Fate,
To be dependent with a Soul that's great;
A Soul that, free and unconfin'd as Light,
Wou'd act whatever to herself seem'd right;
Each gen'rous Dictate of her own fulfil,
Nor frame her Maxims by another's Will.
What then is all the Pleasure you explain,
But the mere pictur'd Image of the Brain?

No Place, devoid of Freedom, gives us ease;
 But blest with Freedom, any Place will please.
 If in the Country, I wou'd sit me down,
 Smoak a grave Pipe, nor envy those in Town;
 Oft with the Squire wou'd hearty Bumpers quaff;
 Talk as insipid, and as loudly laugh:
 Then, if Discourse on Dogs or Horses ran,
 Strait I'd begin —— How sweet a Girl is *Nan*!
 Mark her high Forehead, and her arched Brow;
 Her Checks like Roses, intermix'd with Snow;
 Her rolling Eyes, her Lips, her comely Chest,
 The panting Marble of her snowy Breast,
 That heaves and swells, inviting to be prest.
 Thus I'd run on, nor ever quit the Score,
 Till fav'rite Horse shou'd yield to fav'rite Whore.

Sometimes thro' solitary Fields I'd rove,
 And watch the Muses in the shady Grove;
 There, in a sweet Recess from Noise retir'd,
 (Warm'd by their Presence, by their Notes inspir'd)

U u 2

Their

Their shining Steps, observant, I'd pursue,
Pant after Fame, and catch her as she flew.

But if a City-Life should be my Fate,
And, suitable to it, a large Estate,
Then ev'ry Moment I'd with Mirth employ,
Sate ev'ry Wish, and give a Loose to Joy :
Each happy Hour in Gaiety improve,
My Days in Drinking, and my Nights in Love ;
Sceptres and Crowns, with pleasure, I'd despise,
" *Nor envy Jove his Sunshine, nor his Skies.*

*To a Gentleman and his Spouse, on their
WEDDING.*

I..

Blest Pair ! whose Life with Angels' vies,
So pure, so bright your Love ;
So high, it can no higher rise,
So fixt, it cannot move.

II.

II.

Whom neither greedy Thirst of Gold,
 (The View of sordid Minds)
 Nor sacred Rites so firmly hold,
 As Love which faster binds.

III.

Crown'd be your Days with Happiness,
 From all Misfortunes free ;
 Your Youth, may Health and Vigour bless,
 Your Age, may Progeny.

IV.

Nor Morn, nor Eve, will ever view
 Contention, Noise, or Strife,
 While you a tender Husband shew,
 And she a loving Wife.

V.

Thus, each to each fresh Joys impart,
 And mutual Blessings give,

Unri-

Unrivall'd, in each other's Heart
 Thus, ever loving, live!

An Epistle from DELIA to DAMON.

SInce I no more the least Esteem can find,
 False as thou art, and fickle as the Wind!
 Whither! oh whither! shall unhappy I,
 From Sense of Shame, and coming Anguish, fly!
 How vain are Oaths to bind the roving Youth!
 How vain the Ties of Honesty and Truth!
 Ruin'd by thee, by thy false Vows betray'd,
 I range the Plain, a weak, enervate Shade!
 Yet, could I once be blest with sight of you,
 Methinks I might my former Strength renew;
 If not, the Grave must soon receive its Due.
 Absence, I've heard, will soon allay Desire,
 Repel the Darts of Love, and ease the Fire.

O could it but my raging Love abate,
 I then might hope to find some easier Fate;
 And not to die by DAMON's rigid Hate.

There was a Time — (could such this Moment
 prove,

I should not be the Wretch undone by Love.)
 When I with DAMON o'er the Meads have walk'd,
 Have gaz'd on DAMON's Eyes, with DAMON talk'd;
 Or when fatigued, by some cooling Spring
 You've often sat, to hear your DELIA sing,
 To hear your DELIA? Yes, 'twas then your Choice;
 But Grief has now destroy'd your DELIA's Voice;
 So much destroy'd it, Plaints can scarce arise,
 But force their Passage at her streaming Eyes.
 Then DAMON come, and (if you've Pity) save
 The Wretch you've made, from the devouring
 Grave.



The

*The Weighty Fryar ; or, A Cargo of Sins
thrown over-board.*

THE Weather was cloudy, the Billows ran
high;

Whilst old *Boreas* rattled and storm'd in the Sky ;
The Vessel half shipwreck'd, the Crew full of Fears,
Some cursing and swearing, and some at their
Pray'rs.

Oh Heavens ! cries one, we are certainly lost, Sir,
Then piously mumbled o'er his *Pater-noster*.
To the Rope, says another, ye pious old Knave
you ;

For that is more likely than praying to save you.
Oh what Vows there were made to each Saint and
each Martyr !

If they'd save them that time, they'd be good ever
after.

But their Saints are too fly to be cheated, they knew,
That Vows made in Danger, but seldom are true :

For a Sailor Ten Thousand will make in a Storm ;
 But take care, when on Land, not one to perform.
 A pious old Father, who then was on board,
 And heard how the Winds and the raging Seas
 roar'd,

Cry'd out, Ah! ye Wicked-ones quickly repent,
 This Tempest on you is for Punishment sent,
 For breaking those Vows you have oft made to
 Heav'n,

And keeping from *us* what you ought to have
 given ;

Oh! how can you ever to prosper expect,
 If to pay to your Priest his Dues you neglect ?
 How oft have you vow'd, when before in a Storm,
 If that time you were sav'd, you'd be good and
 reform ;

And promis'd your Pay as a Tribute to *me*,
 For praying to Heaven to calm the rough Sea.
 But remember, ye Vile-ones, ye're still in my Debt,
 For those Vows, when on Shore, ye took care to
 forget.

For these Crimes, oh! I fear, ye can ne'er be
forgiven;

Since cheating of me is cheating of Heaven.

His Reprimand over, for every Transgression,
He exhorts them sincerely, to come to Confession.
The poor fright'ned Mariners, trembling with Fear,
Pour their Sins thick and fast into *Domine's* Ear;
Then with holy Water (a sacred Ablution)
He sprinkles them over, and grants Absolution;
Then fell on his Knees, and cry'd, Heavens! may
it please ye,

Command now the Storms to be quiet and easy.
But, alas! Heaven did not the *Fryar* regard, Sir;
For still rag'd the Seas, and the Winds blew as hard,
Sir.

The Boatswain, as honest and merry a Fellow,
As ever got drunk with a Cup of good Mellow,
(On whose Side the common old Proverb did lie, Sir,
Who's born to be hang'd, ne'er drowning shall die,
Sir,)

Thus

Thus roar'd out aloud, " Friends, the Reason is plain,

" Why the Tempest does still in full Fury remain ;

" What avails it that ev'ry one here hath confess'd,

" Since our Crimes are on board still, and lodg'd
in our Priest ?

" What think ye of tossing the old *Fryar* in,

" And drowning of *him* with every one's Sin."

Ay ! ay ! quoth the Crew, let *Domine* go,

Then surely the Winds won't continue to blow.

The Crew thus agreeing, the old *Fryar* they seize,
And, *Jonas*-like, toss him, the Storm to appease.

Says the Boatswain, We now may expect milder
Gales,

Look ! look ! with our Crimes, where old *Domine*
fails.



* *A SONG, occasioned by a young
Lady's shewing her A-se.*

By Mr. H. B.

I'LL tell ye, good People, a Story so merry,
Of *Holy-day Folk*, who went up in a Wherry,
To *Hammermith*, there to drink Tea with a
Friend,

And the rest of the Day in a Ramble to spend.

Derry down, &c.

His *Highness's House* was the next Thing in view;
So, with Wind and with Tide, they sail'd up to
Kew:

But observe the ill Luck of these Damsels so fair,
The Baulk it was great, for the P—— was not there.

Derry down, &c.

From the *Lamb* on the *Green*, the Ladies did walk,
Like Angels in Person, like Saints in their Talk.

To

To the Palace they came, saw the Dairy and Cows,
 And * *W—d* (Courtier-like) gave them nothing
 but Bows.

Derry down, &c.

His *H—n—ss* was then to the Opera gone,
 To see fair *Cuzzoni*, and hear her sweet Song;
 But if the good *P—* had not been there that
 Night,
 At home he had seen a much *pleasanter* Sight.

Derry down, &c.

The Accident fatal, I blush to declare !
 Which happen'd to one of these Ladies so fair,
 Who, by slip of her Foot, most unlucky ! did show
 A Pair of plump *B—t—cks*, as white as the Snow.

Derry down, &c.

The Sight, you'll imagine, occasion'd much Mirth,
 And to Laughter, and Jokes in abundance, gave
 birth ;

For,

* The *P—*'s Valet, who shew'd the Apartments,

For, a merry Wag said, that the Skin on that
Place,

Was fairer and smoother, by far, than her * Face.

Derry down, &c.

The Show being over, to *Brentford* they hoy'd,
Where they eat *butter'd Buns*, till their Stomachs
were cloy'd.

Then, the *Beaus* to the *Belles* said, 'tis time to
away :

So the *C-pt-n* and *Joe* had the *Honour to pay*.

Derry down, &c.

An Epistle to a Coquet.

L Ovely, pretty, charming *Betty*,
Give me leave, in Rhime, to greet ye :

Rhime

* The Lady being very brown, and much pitted with the Small-Pox.

Rhime best, they say, your Sex engages,
And *Poets* please ye more than *Sages*.

Then by the pow'rful Charms of Rhiming,
Numbers, Feet, and Crambo Chiming,
I intreat my little *Deary*,
To give an Answer to each *Query*.

Shou'd I tell you, that I love ye,
May my Passion hope to move ye?
Can a younger Son prevail,
If *Will*, an elder, chance to fail?
Or shall *J—k*, while both are vying,
Seize the *Prize*, and leave us sighing?

In short, to end all future Wrangling,
And keep us three from further Dangling;
And that we may no longer tease ye,
Will Law or Physick better please ye?
And if unhappy Law's discarded,
Pray which Physician's best regarded?

Put off the Jilt, e'en tell it out,
Why should you keep us thus in doubt?

If I'm th' unhappy Lover, say so,
 I hate to sigh, and whine, and pray so.
 By *Cupid!* it is monstrous silly,
 In pining *J—k*, and whining *B—y* ;
 To look so sheepish when you frown,
 Hanging their Ears, like Asses, down ;
 And then to equal Gods in Bliss,
 When you but deign to smile or kiss.
 Can such *Platonic* Ninnys move
 So brisk a Maid, as you, to love ?
 No ! by the *Impudent* and *Bold*,
 A Maid should always be *controul'd*.
 I, who'm for more substantial Bliss,
 Than smiling Looks, and empty Kisses,
 Better deserve your Love than they,
 (Lumps of inanimated Clay :)
 But if you think I'm not deserving,
 Prithee, don't leave my Love a starving ;
 Tell me, nor keep me in this Pother,
 That I may fix upon another,

Who'll

Who'll not detain me long in Durance.

So I'm your Servant, *G——e Assurance.*

Ut Pictura Pœsis erit. Hor. de Art. Pœt.

Hail! sacred Art! that canst in *Colours* shew
 All Nature's Face distinctly to the view;
 That, like some Deity, with powerful Skill
 Canst form a new *Creation* at thy *Will*,
 On the plain **C**anvas bid new Worlds arise,
 And diff'rent Objects strike the Gazer's Eyes.
 Ye Muses blush! for ever blush for *Shame*!
 By Painting robb'd of more than half your *Fame*:
 Painting, which Beauties to the Eye conveys,
 And Bodies in their *clearest* Light displays;
 Whilst all your Art's to *narrow* Space confin'd,
 Content to please, or else inform the Mind;
 Not able, by the Pow'r of Words, to shew
 Mankind, as if alive, so plain to view.

Y y

Not

Not but the Muse has thousand Charms to boast,
But all those Charms are on the *Vulgar* lost.

What if some high Conceit, in Words express
In all the Pomp of Verse, and Learning drest,
If Art, with purest Judgment mix'd, we find,
And lofty Thoughts, with lofty Style conjoin'd,
Applause is granted as the Poet's Due ;
But granted only by the *Learned Few*.

Now Painting Pleasure does on all bestow ;
For all can *see*, though few the Beauties *know*.

Thus, when some ancient curious Piece is shown,
By *Titian*, or *Vandyke*, or *Kneller* drawn,
Amaz'd we gaze, and half distrust our Eyes,
So *lively* are the Forms which on the *Canvas* rise !
At once we cry, (transported at the View)
Sure *imag'd* Nature hath excell'd the *true* !

What thousand diff'rent Beauties may one trace,
Adorn'd with more than *imitated* Grace !
Here rival Nature to thy Art must yield,
And vanquish'd, and abash'd, forsake the Field.

Her brightest Scenes imperfect all appear,
 Her flow'ry Plains, her Streams as Crystal clear.
 Compar'd with these thy Colours, — scarce the Sky
 Presents a *nobler* Prospect to the Eye.

Thus o'er the Muses Painting bears the Sway,
 And like Applause both skill'd and unskill'd pay :
 Something or other does each Gazer please,
 And each with each, in mutual Praise, agrees.

But *Poets* still this other Hardship find,
 Though bright the Genius, though the Muse prove
 kind,

Though the Breast glows with strong Poetic Fires,
 And *Phæbus'* self the happy Thought inspires ;
 Yet still one Language must express their Mind,
 In one poor Language all their Thoughts confin'd.
 Now ev'ry Tongue is at the Painter's Call,
 And as those write in one, these paint in all.
 From Coast to Coast, the well-drawn Picture flies,
 Alike its Beauties diff'rent Nations prize ;

Y y 2

Their

Their Sight informs them what the Painter means,
 They read his Mind conversant in his Scenes :
 Though Strangers to his Language, yet his *Name*,
 And *Skill*, with lasting Honours, they proclaim ; }
 His Pieces ever speak to ALL the same.

Yet still both *Arts* do equal Gifts require,
 Nature must warm alike with *genial* Fire :
 Nature and Art in *both* alike must meet,
 And Judgment must be had, to make the Work
 complete.

When finish'd thus, the Piece for ever shines ;
 The *Poet* lives immortal in his Lines ;
 The blooming Colours never fade away ;
 Nor ever will the *Poet's* Fame decay.

But where there Genius wants, where Nature
 sleeps,
 And to herself her choicest Favours keeps,
 Fruitless will prove your Labour, and your Pain,
 Sound Judgment, Learning, Art all strive in vain.

The Painted Piece will stiff, and starch'd appear,
 Without that soft, engaging, easy Air,
 Which Nature does imprint. — No *lively* Grace
 Will add a Lustre to th' *unlively* Face.
 So when in spite of Nature and her Laws,
 The *Poet* dares attempt to gain Applause,
 How harsh! how lame! how rough his Numbers
 flow !
 How cramp his Style! his Images how low !
 When striving for to soar aloft, he swells,
 And *empty* Bombast all his Pages fills ;
 His vile Conceits *high-sounding* Words exprefs,
 Like awkward Actors clad in *regal* Dress.
 Thus, *void* of Nature, Art will be but *vain*,
 And Piece and Poem share alike *Disdain* :
 But Nature oft, without the help of Art,
 Does rich Endowments to the Mind impart :
 Her Master-Stroke we feel, her Tracts we know,
 Her Beauties thousand Pleasures do bestow :

But

But still imperfectly those Beauties shine,
Unless both Art and solid Judgment join.

So when some costly Structure we descry,
Whose lofty Turrets seem to touch the Sky,
If Grandeur, and Magnificence combine
To make Delight with Admiration join,
We gaze, and we applaud ; but want of Art,
Or Disproportion in a single Part,
Will check the rising Pleasure of our Soul,
And less delightful make the *mighty* Whole.

But Art and Nature, when at once we find,
With nicest Judgment in each Science join'd ;
Whate'er the *Poet* writes, or *Painter* draws,
Must baffle Envy, and surpass Applause.
Long as their Works their Memory remains,
Age after Age, in Gratitude, retains
A Rev'rence for their past *laborious* Pains.



The

The Husband Confessor. A TALE.

SUccessful oft in bloody Field,
 Sir *Giles* his prosp'rous Sword did wield ;
 Maintain'd, where'er he came in Fight,
 His Lord and King's *disputed* Right ;
 Had often been with Conquest crown'd,
 Whilst Fame declar'd his Vict'ries round.
 His King these Actions to requite,
 Rais'd him to *Lord*, from *simple* Knight.
 Swell'd with the Title, home he comes,
 With Trumpets Sound, and Beat of Drums ;
 Alighting, enters at his Gate,
 Adorn'd with lordly Pomp and State ;
 Where, in her Chamber, (hard to say !)
 He found his Wife extremely gay,
 With a young *Beau*, in *wanton* Play.
 Strangely surpriz'd, my Lord retires ;
 His Bosom burn'd with jealous Fires ;

And

And ruminating on the Case,
 Dreaded to know the sad Disgrace.
 Says he, When last I took my leave,
 (Who would, what now I see, believe?)
 How she upon my Garments hung,
 Whilst melting Words fell from her Tongue ;
 How stream'd her Eyes to vent her Woe ;
 And crying, Will my Dearest go !
 My Dress shall then be Sable Weeds ;
 To pass the Hours, I'll tell my Beads :
 To Heav'n shall be my constant Pray'r,
 To bring my *Dearly* safe from War.
 Who'd trust a Wife ! my Eyes are now
 A Witness of her broken Vow !
 My Laurels *sprout* upon my Brow.
 I am not worthy Thought, I see,
 Tho' deck'd with true Nobility.
 Some way I'll seek the Truth to know,
 Whether my Stars have doom'd it so.

When

When after racking much his Brain,
Fancy presents Ease for his Pain.

Accordingly he posts next Day
Unto a distant Cell, where lay
A lazy, idle, aged Priest,
Who'd many a *sinful* Wife confess.
To him my Lord explains the Scene,
Where, how, with whom his Wife had been ;
And begs he would, for the Transgression,
Exhort his Dame to strict Confession ;
That he might stand in Corner nigh,
And hear if she'd the Fact deny.

By Gold o'ercome, the *pious* Man
Assures him, he'd do what he can.
But says, — If you her Crimes would hear,
E'en take my Habit and the Chair.
No sooner said, but 'tis agreed ;
The *Lord's* equipt in Masquerade ;
Assumes, with priestly Look, the Chair,
While prostrate kneels the blooming Fair.

Art thou prepar'd ? the Father cries.

I am, the *cunning* Dame replies.

With austere Brow, says he, Begin ;

You must relate each Crime and Sin ;

The Facts, the Time, how, when, and where,

You must, with *contrite* Heart, declare.

I will, (cries she) and drops a Tear.

These Arms have cherish'd Day and Night,

Have often clasp'd, with fond Delight,

A Priest, a Nobleman, and Knight.

And more — Nay, hold perfidious Jade !

No more ! Enough already's said :

What ! with a Priest ? Bewitching Fair !

Know'st thou to whom you this declare ?

Yes, very well, says she, My Dear,

To you, my Husband, in the Chair :

(For she was *cunning*, and knew well

To clear the Fault in which she fell.)

Basest, says he, of Human Race,

Confess these Actions to my Face.

Be calm, cries she, and take Advice,
 I'll clear this Riddle in a Trice :
 First, then, your Knighthood's on Record ;
 Han't the King made you now a Lord ?
 And since thou'rt thus, dear *Hubby*, drest,
 You know you are a *rev'rend* Priest.
 Enough, he cries, the Matter's clear,
 Thou'st wisely said, my *loving* Dear,
 And eas'd thy Husband of his Fear.

Both went in love to Bed that Night,
 And got a Boy before 'twas Light.

*To a young Lady, who, by Mischance, lost
 one of her Eyes.*

I.

Mourn not, fair Clo', the sad Mischance
 Which robb'd thee of thy Eye,
 Nor let thy Tears our Griefs enhance,
 'Tis Death to see you cry.

II.

Whilst for thy Loss I mourn'd one Night,
 And silent musing fate,
 How Clo', endow'd with Charms so bright,
 Cou'd meet so hard a Fate ;

III.

Lo little *Cupid* did descend,
 And whisper in my Ear,
 Your Judgment yet a while suspend,
 And I'll the Cause declare :

IV.

“ Such piercing Fire did Cloe's Eyes,
 “ In Streams, diffuse around,
 “ That every Heart, in dying Sighs,
 “ Confest a flaming Wound.

V.

“ Not swifter from the Thund'r'r's Hand,
 “ The darted Lightning flies,

“ Not

“ Not Death so sure cou’d that command,
 “ As CLOE’s killing Eyes.

VI.

“ JOVE grew enrag’d to find, that she
 “ Had certain Death at Will ;
 “ What ! shall a Mortal too, says he,
 “ Have Power, like me, to kill.

VII.

“ It must not be, — fly CUPID, fly,
 “ (Sure Envy fills thy Mind)
 “ And with thy pointed Arrows try,
 “ If thou can’t strike her blind.

VIII.

“ In vain to stop the dire Decree,
 “ In vain were all my Sighs :
 “ Ah ! 'twas a cruel Task for me,
 “ To strike my CLOE’s Eyes.

IX.

IX.

“ Says I, Ah! most almighty Sire,
 “ Can Beauty be a Crime?
 “ Yes! reply’d he, — she’ll set on fire
 “ The World before its Time.

X.

“ Then down again, with doleful Heart,
 “ Before the God I lay,
 “ Begg’d he’d command my fatal Dart
 “ To take but one away.

XI.

“ At last, he granted that Request ;
 “ And I was forced to fly,
 “ (Oh endless Torture to my Breast !)
 “ And shot away her Eye.

XII.

“ But tell my Maid to cease her Sighs,
 “ And let her rest assur’d,
 “ Those

“ Those Slaves she conquer’d by her Eyes,
 “ Are by her Eye secur’d.

Instructions to a Painter.

O Thou who paints so very well,
 Go search the Queen of Beauty’s Cell ;
 Employ thy ev’ry Art and Care,
 To paint my absent PHILLIS fair.
 You’ll say you ne’er beheld that Grace,
 You ne’er beheld that Cherub’s Face.
 The happier is your meaner Chance,
 You’re happier by your Ignorance.
 Then, in few Words, be this your Law,
 How you my Shepherdess shall draw.
 First, let sweet Roses, mix’d with Lillies,
 Adorn the blushing Cheeks of PHILLIS ;
 Now little Loves her Breasts display,
 Then wanton Smiles her Face betray.

But

But why shou'd I these Things unfold ;
 For *Venus PHILLIS* will be sold :
 None ever will the Mystery sound,
 Their Features so alike are found.

Vis, vi repellitur.

I.

LONG CELIA (importun'd in vain)
 Withstood Love's fatal Dart ;
 At length, *hot* Love, from *cold* Disdain,
 Found Passage to her Heart.

II.

TON, whose fond Soul was all Desire,
 Imagin'd he was blest ;
 Rejoic'd, to think Love's gentle Fire
 Was kindled in her Breast.

III.

III.

But, lo ! a Week explain'd the Case,
 And made him curse the Dame ;
 Proving, to *Cupid's* foul Disgrace,
 Her's not the *purest* Flame.

IV.

Tho' she with Love his Love return'd,
 His Wishes all expir'd ;
 For he, who thought her Breast had burn'd,
 Found *something* else was fir'd.

V.

Declining Love, from thence took flight,
 Which long had made a Pother,
 Thus she *one* Flame extinguish'd quite,
 By kindling up *another*.



The Pious Nun.

JANE, a young Bantling having had
 Led Life austere, seem'd always sad,
 Whilst her gay Sister Nuns and Mates
 Were ever peeping at the Grates.
 The *Abbess* to her Daughters said,
 In a grave Speech which she had made,
 Lead Daughters, lead the Life of JANE;
 Fly, fly this World, and all Things vain.
 To which they answered in this Strain:
 Pious as JANE we all will be,
 When we have done as much as she.

*On a young Lady, who envied her Sister,
 on account of her Admirers.*

IF Jenny Beauty had, or Wit,
 I should not then admire,
 (Says *Betty*) though the World was smit,
 And pin'd with fond Desire.

But

But since to neither, *Jenny* can
 In Justice lay a Claim,
 What is there, say, fond, foolish Man,
 Remains to feed thy Flame?

Why Love is blind ; in Lovers Eyes
 The *homelieſt* give Delight.
 If so, no Wonder (*Betty* cries)
 That *Jenny charms* your Sight.

Epitaph on a Lyer.

Here sleeps, till the last Day, shall break,
 One who the *Truth* did seldom speak,
 A Man who plac'd his whole Delight
 In contradicting what was *right* :
 But what does most of all surprize,
 Though mute, and dead, yet *still* he *lies*.

The EPHESIAN Matron.

IN *Ephesus*, as ARBITER has sung,
 There liv'd a virtuous Matron, fair and young.
 None more than she could lay a just Pretence
 To Honour, Beauty, Learning, and good Sense ;
 None more than she could wake the sleeping Lyre,
 Make the Strings speak, and ev'ry Note inspire :
 Fame loudly spoke the Wonders of the Fair ;
 And well might speak,— for Virtues something rare.
 So perfect and so regular her Life,
 No Man could boast a more endearing Wife.
 Day after Day, Peace crown'd the Nuptial Bed ; }
 But soon the visionary Transport fled ; }
 Fate, envious of her Joy, cut short her Husband's }
 Thread.

Distracted at the Loss, she flew around,
 And gash'd her Breast with many a bleeding Wound ;
 Like Rivers ran in Torrents from her Eyes,
 Her Tears ; with hideous Screams, she pierc'd the
 Skies ; The

The Night in Grief she spent, the Sun arose,
 Still were her Griefs the same, the same her Woes.
 Advice of Friends, Relations, all were vain ;
 Still she mourn'd on, would still in Sighs complain.
 When to the Tomb the sable Corse they bore,
 Her Cries renew'd, her flowing Locks she tore,
 Sprinkling the Face of Earth with human Gore. }
 Now at the Tomb she wearies out the Day,
 And fondly clasps th' inanimated Clay ;
 Firmly resolv'd, amongst the mould'ring Dead,
 The small Remains she had of Life, to lead.
 Now one Day's fled, the next, another's gone,
 And all are Tears and Groans she lives upon.
 Complaints against the Gods, and adverse Fate,
 Sum up her Diet — Mighty wholesome Meat!
 A faithful Female-Slave, her Play-mate once,
 Saw this, and would with her the World renounce,
 With her, with humble Grief, the Loss bemoan,
 Shed Tear for Tear, and utter Groan for Groan.

Not

Not far from them another Corse had made
 His Tomb; but different the Cause 'tis said :
 For he, no other Monument could boast
 Than Shame ; — (deserving of a *Tyburn Post!*)
 Expos'd in Air, detestable to View
 He hung ; — A Scarecrow to the robbing Crew !
 To watch the breathless Corse, and watch with
 Care,

A Guard was posted to the Gibbet near ;
 That if it chanc'd, the same was stole away,
 The Guard his Life, for the Neglect, should pay.

In Sable now was cloath'd the peaceful Night,
 When lo, from far, appear'd a glim'ring Light,
 Whilst mournful Groans his list'ning Ears affright.
 Struck with Surprise, he hears repeated Sounds,
 The dire Complaint, his wond'ring Senses wounds.
 To know the Cause, impetuously he flies,
 The mournful Scene point out th' increasing
 Cries ;
 He finds the Tomb, and stiffens with Surprise.

Speechless

Speechless a while th' affrighted Soldier stands,
 Views her dishevell'd Hair, and uplift Hands,
 The various Postures of continu'd Woe.
 At length her Springs of Grief he asks to know.
 No Answer would the mourning Matron give,
 The mourning Matron ceases not to grieve.

The Soldier then most prudently retreats ;
 But soon returns, loaded with wholesome Meats ;
 Off'ring the Food, persuades the weeping Fair
 To taste, to eat, and drive away Despair.
 Persuasions, all are vain, her Griefs renew,
 While from her Eyes rolls down the briny Dew.
 Not once dishearten'd, he his Suit repeats,
 Again desires, that she would taste the Meats ;
 At length Intreaty his Request compleats.

New Beauties now her faded Checks adorn ;
 She shines as lovely as the blushing Morn ;
 Her panting Breasts their former Whiteness show,
 Fair as the Lilly, or the falling Snow.

And

And now again her late swoln Eyes impatt,
Joy to the Sight, and Pleasure to the Heart.

No more the lifeless Corse obtains Regard,
She owes her Life's Return unto the *Guard* ;
Whilst he, a Victim to Love's fatal Dart,
Feels strange Emotions fire his manly Heart ;
And to the Fair the sudden Cause confess,
While she, in kind Return, his Wishes blest.

Now to his Post, away the Soldier goes,
Where soon he found a weighty Scene of Woes.
While he enraptur'd with the Matron lay,
A Thief had stole the pendant Corse away.
Back he returns, relates the heavy Tale,
Asks her Advice, yet fears 'twill not avail.
The prudent Dame (the Matter weigh'd) replies,
Away with these unmanly Fears and Sighs ;
Take you my Husband's Corse; away, begone,
And hang it up, before the Loss is known.
As said, he did, 'twas silent, soon, and over :
And thus the Widow sav'd her second Lover.

To LUCINDA.

BElieve me, dear *Lucinda*, you disgrace,
 By Frowns, the lovely Features of thy Face ;
 Think not that grave, and philosophic Air,
 Can add a Charm to make you still more fair.
 Since *Nature* bless'd you with a gentle Mind,
 Strive not 'gainst *Nature*, to appear unkind :
 Pride, Cruelty, and Scorn, may justly move
 Our Hatred, and Contempt, but not our Love.
 Love is by gen'rous Motives only gain'd ;
 And *she*, who acts by other, is disdain'd.

Though thou wer't fair, fair as the new-born
 Day,

Yet wou'd the short-liv'd Beauties soon decay.
 Beauty must fade, when Youth has run its Race,
 And Age and Wrinkles, and gray Hairs take place :
 Then think how great's her Grief, how sharp's her
 Pain,

Who liv'd till Youth was fled, and liv'd in vain !

B b b

What

What dire Remorses fill her anxious Breast !

What melancholy Cares disturb her Rest !

Alone, forlorn, from Place to Place she flies ;

Despis'd she lives, and unlamented dies.

Consider then, before your Bloom is past,

Beauty's a Flow'r that will not ever last ;

And think how often those, who lov'd before,

Fall off, as Age draws on, and cease t' adore.

What though to some no Cause for Love you
find,

At least be civil, where you can't be kind :

Civility to all Mankind is due,

Though Love and Favour are deserv'd by few.

Then leave that scornful Look, that cold Disdain,
And let not Youth and Man plead Love in vain ;
Forbear to rule with arbitrary Sway,
Lest we shou'd alter, as your Charms decay.



EBLANA triumphant over LONDON.

LONDON must now to great EBLANA yield,
 No more must she the Patriot Banner wield,
 No more assert her Liberties and Laws,
 (Her Country's Bulwark) in her Country's Cause;
 She who so lately made that glorious Stand,
 Protecting from *oppressive Schemes* the Land ;
 When BARBER, BARBER ! (whose immortal Name
 Well merits, and shall meet an endless Fame,) —
 (Whilst pension'd Slaves, who for a Bribe or Place,
 Would Slavery intail upon their Race,
 Unmourn'd by all, shall without Honour die,
 And in the Earth, like common Lumber lie :)
 Rose like a Guardian-Angel for our Good,
 And bravely *ministerial Schemes* withstood ;
 Scorn'd the vile Bribe, like those from whom it
 came,
 And before Wealth prefer'd a Patriot's Name.

'Twas thus when *Cæsar*, with unbounded Sway,
 Made all the *Roman* Provinces obey,
Cato, the God-like *Cato*, dar'd withstand
 That bold Invader of his native Land,
 Laugh'd at his Threats, and all his Power defy'd,
 And with Contempt his proffer'd Love deny'd.

'Twas thus too *FRENCH*, with Honour, fill'd the
 Chair,

To each *Hibernian* grateful, ever dear,
Grateful indeed herself *EBLANA* shew'd,
 And strove to pay the Favours which she ow'd:
She deem'd no fawning Pensioner so fit,
 As *FRENCH* within a Senate-House to sit.

'Twas *Gratitude*, 'twas *Justice* too, she knew,
 To pay to Merit what was justly due.

Vain was the Courtier's Cringe, his wheedling Face,
 Vain was the proffer'd Pension, Bribe, or Place;
 In vain *Corruption* rear'd her baleful Head,
 In great *EBLANA*, struck by grateful Honour dead.

Thou

Thou great Example in a servile Age,
 Oh! could my Muse on such a Theme engage,
 In equal Numbers, write thy growing Fame,
 Or speak the Honours thou may'st justly claim ;
 Eager with Joy, I'd sing thy great Renown,
 And on thy Glory strive to build my own :
 But Patriot Worth, and Virtue great as thine,
 Demand a Pen sublimer far than mine ;
 A Task for *Phæbus*, and the Sacred Nine. }
 Whilst the World lasts, thy Fame can never die ;
 Merit too high for Verse will live in Memory.

Such LONDON was, but ne'er again shall be,
 Unrivall'd once, but yielding now to Thee ;
 How oft has *She* her Country's Bulwark stood,
 Scorning Self-interest, for her Country's Good ?
 How oft has *She* (reluctant to obey)
 Shook off a *Tyrant's* arbitrary Sway ?
 And joining *Britain's* Interest with her own,
 Esteem'd alike a *Fav'rite's* Smile or Frown.

But

But now no more the Safe-guard of our Isle,
 She barters Honour for a Courtier's Smile ;
 And meanly serving ministerial Ends,
 Supports her Foes, whilst she neglects her Friends.

Ungrateful City ! how cou'dst thou reject
 One who *his own* did for thy Good neglect ?
Who when *Oppression* threat'ned to invade
Two of the greatest *Branches* of thy *Trade*,
 Anxious to save *thy* Welfare, (glorious Worth !)
 Rose up, and slew the *Monster* in its Birth.

Thus when a Hunter, in a desart Plain,
 Finds, in some Cave, a Lion's fruitful Den,
 (The Lion absent, in a Search of Food)
 Boldly he seizes on the helpless Brood ;
 But when the Beast back from his Haunt returns,
 Finds his Young stole, his Breast with Fury burns,
 Swift o'er the Desart, in pursuit he flies,
 And makes the fearful Hunter quit his Prize.

Was it for this, that BARBER was deny'd
 To be in Parliament thy faithful Guide ?

Was

Was it for this, ungrateful you could deem
 A Courtier worthier there to sit than him ?
 Was it for this — But ill can be exprest
 By Words, the glowing Rage that fires my Breast.
 Ingratitude's the worst of Crimes that can
 Be lodg'd within the Soul of sinful Man ;
 You've verify'd the Proverb you may boast,
 “ What for th' ingrateful Man you do, is lost.”
 Shortly, perhaps, your Folly will be plain ;
 Then you may curse your Choice, but curse in
 vain :

Just like a Sinner, when his Life's near spent,
 Would then, but ah ! alas too late ! repent ;
 And when your once dear Liberties are sold,
 By servile Members, for their dearer Gold ;
 Then to preserve them, vain will be your Care,
 For BARBER, worthy BARBER ! won't be there.

Hail ! honest Man ! may Heav'n prolong thy
 Days,
 And every *Briton* yeld thy Merit Praise :

And

And whilst (ungrateful City !) he's alive,
 Each Sight of him thy Folly shall revive ;
 And after Death, his endless Fame shall be
 A Monument of endless Shame to thee.

— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
 Auri sacra fames* —

WHoever has a Cauſe dependant,
 (Let him be Plaintiff or Defendant)
 Muſt (tho' it is a cursed Hardſhip)
 Bribe, who wou'd think it? e'en his Lordſhip,
 For Juſtice ſeldom can prevail,
 A Purſe of Guineas turns the Scale.
 In vain his Right the Plaintiff pleads,
 In vain produces Title-Deeds,
 If the Defendant will diſburſe,
 And ſlily tip my Lord a Purſe ;
 He learn'd in Quibbles of the Law,
 In Plaintiff's Title finds a Flaw :

Right,

Right, Title, Equity must fall,
The weighty Purse o'errules them all.

But lest you think I've got the Trick
Of scattering Dirt where 'twill not stick,
That I Lampoons and Libels make,
And scandalize for Scandal' sake :
You who suppose the rev'rend Tribe
Of Judges scorn to take a Bribe,
Pray listen, and a Story hear,
Will make what I've asserted cleat.

Two neighb'ring Gentlemen of late,
Fell out about a small Estate ;
As it appears, the Roll upon
One's Name was *Jones*, the other *John*.
Each claim'd a Right as good as t'other,
Jones by the Father, *John* the Mother ;
Though it had been by all confess'd,
That *Jones* his Title was the best ;
But *John* had got the Staff in hand,
Having Possession of the Land ;

Possession wisely he foresaw,
Wou'd be eleven Points in Law.

The Controversy soon grew high,
In vain the Friends of either try
To have the Matter arbitrated,
And in a friendly way debated;
That they shou'd be by them decided,
Or that the Estate should be divided.
The Parson of the Parish too,
Did interpose; but 'twou'd not do.
Each, like two Mastiffs for a Bone,
Insisted upon all or none.

Thus Terms of Arbitration failing,
The Parson likewise not prevailing,
Law must decide who's right, who's wrong;
And so to Law they go *ding-dong*.

Jones to a Lawyer put his Case,
And tells him how the Matter was.
The Lawyer (as all Lawyers do,
When they have got a Cause in view)

Tells

Tells him he's right, bids him go on,
And get Ejectment serv'd on *John*.

If so, says *Jones*, why then with speed,
I authorize you to proceed,
Don't hang me up too long, I pray,
So took his Leave, and went away,

The Lawyer having full Instruction,
With usual Fee, the Introduction
To every Cause, (be it good or bad,
The Fee, Sir, always must be had)
Wrote to his Agent up in Town,
To send him an Ejectment down.

The Ejectment comes, is serv'd on *John*,
And all things properly went on.
To tell, I hold it needless, Sir,
How oft Defendant did demur,
How many Tricks and Quirks he play'd ;
(His Lawyer, tho' I shou'd have said)
For then my Tale wou'd quickly be
Long as a Bill in Chancery,

And

And make the Reader cry, I wish you
Would bring your Tale and Cause to Issue,

Well — to the Point, (without Digression,
And all Rhetorical Expression.)

We'll now suppose the Assizes come ;
Judge usher'd in with Beat of Drum,
By Sheriffs-Officers surrounded,
Before his Coach the Trumpets sounded ;
Whilst every where the mobile Rout
Roar'd out an universal Shout.

So when of old from foreign War,
Some *Roman* Chief, in splendid Car,
Return'd victorious, all around
The expanded Roar of Mob wou'd sound.

To make my Simile more fit,
(For Similes shou'd always hit)
Such were the Shouts that fill'd the Air,
When the poor Fidler and the Bear
Cudgell'd, and beaten much, alas !
Was forc'd to yield to *Hudibras*.

But

But with your Similes have done,
 Say you, and with your Tale go on.
 The Rare-Show being past, the Riot
 Made by the Mob was finish'd and quiet,
 The Judge took Lodging, where d'ye think?
 Where he cou'd get best Meat and Drink;
 For ev'ry rev'rend Judge, I'm sure,
 Is like a Priest, an Epicure.

It seems the Cause *Jones contra John*
 Stood first in Paper to come on;
Jones on the Case considering nicely,
 Came to a Resolution wisely,
 A Present to my Lord to make;
 (Which Judges seldom fail to take)
 And tho', by Right, the Estate was his,
 A Present cou'd not be amiss.

Thus fix'd, he to his Lordship goes;
 When, after many cringing Bows,
 Thus he begins: " My Lord, you see
 " Your humblest Servant here in me;

" I

“ I have an humble Suit to move,

“ And hope you will indulgent prove;

“ Observing as through Town you past,

“ Your Coach, my Lord, was not the best,

“ Seem'd to be old, and want Repair,

“ I've one will fit you to a hair,

“ As good a one as Hands cou'd make it,

“ And hope you'll be so kind to take it.”

Be seated, Sir, the Judge replies,

A very honest Fellow this.

Speak on — “ Well then, (*says Jones*) my Lord,

“ I have a Cause that will be heard

“ By you in Court to-morrow.” — What,

Replies the Judge, wou'd you be at?

What! bribe a Judge! to me a Bribe!

No! Justice only is my Guide.

Says *Jones*, “ My Lord, you quite mistake it,

“ I as a Present only make it.”

Oh! quoth my Lord, if so you give it,

I as a Present may receive it;

All Judges look on Bribes as mean,
 And, Heaven be prais'd, my Hands are clean ;
 Yet, for your Kindness, honest Man,
 I'll do you all the Good I can ;
 Your Cause is right, I do believe,
 And I'll for you a Verdict give.
Jones, well contented at the Heart, Sir,
 Makes a low Bow, and then departs, Sir.

No sooner was the Plaintiff gone,
 But in comes the Defendant *John*,
 And, in petitioning Behaviour,
 Humbly intreats his Lordship's Favour ;
 And says, — “ As thro' the Town you rode,
 “ I observ'd your Horses were not good,
 “ I've two fine *Flanders* Mares at home,
 “ Not better, Sir, in *Christendom* ;
 “ For you, my Lord, this Year I've kept 'em,
 “ And humbly beg you would accept 'em ;
 “ But when in Court, my Lord, you see
 “ Your lowest Slave, pray think of me.”

“ Well,

Well, quoth the Judge, since thus you offer
So kindly, I accept the Proffer.

Go, home and sleep content to-night,
The Cause is yours, your Cause is right.

The Trial came next Morning on,
My Lord a Verdict gave for *John*.

Jones, (and Reason too he had)
For losing of his Cause, 'most mad,
Does to his Lordship's Lodging go,
And, without bowing, enters now,
“ My Lord, *says he*, you've us'd me vilely,
“ Who wou'd depend on Judge so wily ;
“ When Right was on my Coach attendant,
“ To give a Verdict for Defendant.”
Hold! hold your Breath! his Lordship cries,
And thus in manner sage replies ;
‘Twas not my Fault, as God shall save me,
Th’ unruly Mares Defendant gave me,
(In vain your Coach and Justice try’d, Sir)
Drew Coach and Justice to his side, Sir.

Thus

Thus *Jones* (to Law a great Reproach!)
Was stript of both Estate and Coach.

The Gourd and Acorn. A FABLE.

WHatever is — is Right alone,
Heav'n's Wisdom shall a Man disown?
That Critick vain! shall he teach *Jove*,
And e'en correct his Works above;
Think this amiss, and that is Stuff,
Yet knows himself is but a Puff,
That comes and goes with ev'ry Wind,
And be to his own Folly blind;
Shan't dare arraign a mortal Prince,
Yet publickly a Providence.
To seek no Proof that's out of date,
The Gourd shall finish the Debate.

A Clown in a consid'ring Mood,
Dame Nature, criticizing stood,
Whilst under a delightful Shade,
Which a majestick Oak-Tree made,

Observing, as he cast his Eyc,
 A weighty Gourd was growing by ;
 Says he, as eagerly he gaz'd,
 The more I view, I'm more amaz'd :
 This weighty Gourd, I wonder how,
 Upon a Stalk so thin, should grow ;
 Where stor'd great *Jupiter* his Brain ?
 Contriving this — he's out, that's plain ;
 For wou'd not I have plac'd that there,
 Upon the lofty Oak-Tree here ;
 Much better wou'd that weighty Fruit
 With these tall hardy Branches suit.

Codsfish ! 'tis pity — faith ! good lack !
 Thou wer't not bred a Scholar, *Jack* ;
 Thou wou'dst have pos'd the Parish-Priest,
 And made him look like *Balaam's Beast*.
 Had I been *Jove*, 'tis ten to one,
 But all things had been better done :
 As for Example, here again
 That Oak an Acorn to sustain,

Is it not monstrous — small as Flea,
This Acorn hanging on this Tree.

Sure *Jove*, when he made these, was drunk,
Or rambling with some *Drury* Punk.

At length, with his Reflections, tir'd

(Reflections much to be admir'd)

Under the Shadow of the Oak,

Supine he lay in *Momus'* Cloak ;

When lo ! a Breeze of Wind arose,

And hurl'd an Acorn on his Nose.

Instant he wak'd, surpriz'd, he star'd,

And found it clinging to his Beard ;

His Nose all bruis'd, and like a Flood,

Adown his Cheeks was running Blood.

What ! how ! says he, so small a Thing !

Such a sad pickle fling me in !

Lord ! what wou'd have become of me,

Had a Gourd fallen from the Tree ?

So home content he went at Night,

And own'd whatever is — is Right.

SONG of Waft me some soft, &c.
Traveſtied.

W Aft me some soft and cooling Breeze,
To Vaux-hall's shady, dear Retreat,
Where kind, consenting Damsels please,
And cool my raging, lovesick Heat;

Where blooming *Tates*, (deluding Fair !)
Adorn'd with Art and Nature, goes,
Whose balmy Lips perfume the Air,
And fragrant Sweets around disclose :

Here beauteous *Careless* us'd to rove,
And o'er the Walks delighted stray'd ;
Her smiling Face entic'd to Love,
Her Bosom thousand Charms display'd.

So fine her Shape, so gay her Mien,
Her auburn Looks so decent fell,
Where'er her Angel-Form was seen,
The Gods of Bliss and Love did dwell.
Oh!

Oh! let once more thy naked Arms
 Desirous, press me to a Kiss,
 Whilst I, enraptur'd in thy Charms,
 Dying with thee, dissolve in Bliss.

Lay me on some soft downy Bed,
 When ev'ry busy Thought's at rest,
 When tender Wishes fill my Head,
 And Love alone usurps my Breast.

Let gentle *Stuart* too be there,

In azure Mantle loofely drest,
 As young, as wanton, and as fair,
 As when her tender Limbs I pres'd.

Oh *Bacchus*! haste away, and bring
 The Grape, the kindly Friend to Love;
 The Grape will make me sweeter sing,
 And *Molly* more divinely move.



COLLIN'S

Come, my Betsy, come away,
COLLIN's Request.

Come, my *Betsy*, come away,
 Do not tarry, do not stay ;
 Come, my *Betsy*, come and see
 What thy *Collin* has for thee ;
 Come to yonder shady Bow'r,
Love and I will wait the Hour ;
 There we'll kiss, and there we'll play,
 Come, my *Betsy*, come away.

Come, my *Betsy*, to my Arms,
 Come bring with thee all thy Charms ;
 Let thy Zone unbuckl'd be ;
 Let me all thy Beauties see ;
 Let there be the sparkling Eye,
 Dimplly Smile, and heaving Sigh ;
 Let thy Tresses loosely play ;
 Come, my *Betsy*, come away.

O'er

O'er th' Green we'll lightly trip;
 From the ruddy pouting Lip, ~~on knob-bill'd shift~~
 Eager let me snatch a Kiss; ~~unlike consideration~~
 Dearest *Betsy*, grant me this;
 Grant my Fingers but to rove
 To the bubbling Font of Love;
 Grant me there entranc'd to lie;
 Grant me there to live and die.

Amen to a Woman.

I.

NO more bedaub'd with yellow Lace,
 In Mockery of Gold,
 Expose to Sale, that wither'd Face,
 So wrinkled, hagg'd, and old.

II.

Nor vainly boast of former Days,
 Or former Conquests won,
 How gallanted to Parks or Plays,
 Those happier Times are gone.

III.

Fine Billet-doux no more employ
 The irksome Minutes round ;
 Returning Scenes of pristine Joy
 In Thought alone are found.

IV.

Then, prithee DOLL, give o'er the Chace,
 The nightly Walk forbear ;
 With that abominable Face,
 You strive in vain t' ensnare.

V.

'Tis time, believe me, to begin
 Repentance, don't delay ;
 Confess each mispent Hour, each Sin,
 Nor wait a future Day.

VI.

To this Epistle lend an Ear ;
 (I'm sure you ought) and then,
 Whilst you for th' other World prepare,
 I'll waft thee with — *Amen.*

F I N I S.

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